

No. 737.

LONDON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1841.

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LONDON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1841.

## REVIEWS

*The Glory and Shame of England.* By C. Edwards Lester. 2 vols. Bentley.

THIS work gives, or professes to give, (for we are not satisfied as to the genuineness of the production) an American traveller's impressions of England—of the England of the passing moment. On the perusal of the first dozen pages we felt assured that it was one of those ingenious mystifications in which modern bibliopoly delights—a mere paste and scissors work, with just sufficient of the machinery of a book of travels to satisfy the unobservant; and if we have subsequently found reason to modify this opinion, we are still far from satisfied as to the precise character of the venture. The question is by no means indifferent in estimating the value of the volumes; for, if genuine, they will, with all their faults, repay the labour of perusal, as a reflection of American mind, as exhibiting a picture of England and its present position, seen from an unaccustomed point of view; whereas, if not true, they are not even worthy to claim the benefit of the Italian dilemma, being anything but *ben trovato*—well imagined. As a professed compilation, the work would be below the level attained by the ordinary inditers of good matter, “as bespoken”; for it is superficial, and often inaccurate in those parts which assume the garb of personal narrative; and the dogmatic and theoretical portions are not so very different from the staple of newspaper discussion, as to invest them with much interest.

Still, we repeat it, the same matter, if it really embodies the impressions of a foreigner, of one disconnected with domestic factions and domestic prejudices, is not to be neglected at a moment like the present, in which such vast questions of polity are under discussion, and in which fearful signs are rapidly accumulating, the *avant courriers* of a perilous crisis in the nation's history. No matter what may be the capabilities of the stranger, he at least is not accustomed to our artificial and conventional systems, which so powerfully tend to influence the judgment of those “to the manner born;” and if the newness of certain aspects of English society leads him somewhat to exaggerate their mass of evil, it is equally certain, that familiarity and use must have blunted our sense and conscience of its actual vices, and subjected us to the necessity of some such flapper to rouse us to a due knowledge of the realities of the case.

The nature and tendency of the volumes may be inferred from the title-page. It is easy to anticipate, that in “the glory of England” an American would dwell on its material greatness, the magnificence of its manufacturing combinations, the intellectual energy bestowed on railroads, steam-engines, and spinning jennies, with the wealth, ease, and comforts thereby created; while on its “shame” he would discourse of the moral and metaphysical darkness of the land, its religious bigotry, its political ignorance, its abject veneration for the rich and the titled, and its blind submission to authorities, together with the abounding pauperism, ignorance, and immorality of the many, resulting from such defects.

Knowing nothing of the history of this publication, beyond what is to be collected from the contents themselves, we have too much experience of the deceptiveness of such estimate to venture on any positive assertion as to the trustworthiness of the title-page; but we may state, that the impression made by a perusal of the work is, that an American has had a hand in it, but that it is essentially of home manufacture—of Irish manufacture, we should say—some narrative of personal observation, eked out by Parlia-

mentary Papers, Poor Law Reports, and other documents. However this may be, the opening of the work, at least, has something about it so artificial, unlikeliest, and novel, that most persons, we think, would decide against its authenticity. It opens with a blind beggar woman, whom the author quits only to light upon an interesting and picturesque female, an itinerant vender of Railroad Guides, a subject ready made for Wordsworth:—

“As I was passing from the office to the cars, a very pretty but pale-faced girl came up to me, with a basket of books on her arm, and in a sweet voice inquired if I did not wish to get a Companion. I answered, ‘That will depend entirely upon the character—a gentleman or a lady?’—‘Oh, sir,’ she said, with a smile, ‘a Companion that will be of more service to you than either: more intelligent than a gentleman, and less troublesome than a lady;’ at the same time handing me ‘The London, Birmingham, Liverpool, and Manchester Railway Companion.’ I was interested in the girl's appearance, and I asked her a few questions. ‘Pray how did you know I was an American?’—‘Well, Sir, I can hardly tell you; but there is something about American gentlemen that strikes me the first moment I see them; and I always try to find them, for they almost always buy my Companions. But they for ever ask me if I can't take less than a crown for the book; and when I say I am a poor girl, and have, by selling books, to support my mother, who is in a consumption, and a little brother, who had both his arms crushed by the machinery of the factory; and that all the rest of us are dead (except William, who is in New York), then they don't ask me to take less, and they very often give me more.’—‘Did you ever hear Robert Hall preach?’—‘Oh! yes, Sir; we used to go to Mr. Hall's chapel, and many a time has he come to tea at our house; and when he came he always had his pockets full of something good for us. But he has gone to heaven now, if any one goes there.’—‘Could you understand his preaching?’—‘I was very young, and had not much education, and I could not understand much of his preaching on the Sunday; but I could understand almost every word when he lectured in the evening, and every time he came to see us, he would read the Bible, and explain it as he went along, and pray and talk to us about religion; and then I could understand every word. What made me like Mr. Hall so much was because he was so kind to the poor: he never was ashamed to speak to them in the street, or anywhere he met them. Do you have such ministers in America?’—‘We have a great many good ministers, but not many, I fear, like Mr. Hall. How many hours a day do you spend here?’—‘I am here when every train goes out, and I sleep between whiles.’—‘Don't this injure your health?’—‘Yes, Sir; for, when I came here, I was not the pale girl you see now: I was as ruddy as any girl in Lancashire.’—‘But I don't want to complain. I remember Mr. Hall used to say that we are all treated better than we deserve, and that we should not complain when God afflicts us, for it's no sign that he does not love us just as well as ever.’—‘I am glad to hear you express such feelings, my poor girl, though I am sorry for you.’—‘Oh Sir,’ said she, ‘if you could see how many thousands there are in England that have nothing but what they get by begging; how many there are that go naked and hungry, you wouldn't pity me.’”

Now, we do not mean to say that such a personage as this is an impossibility in these realms; but certainly the meeting with her we must consider as singularly fortunate, especially to a publishing traveller: and the coincidence is the more startling, because the lady strikes at starting the very key-note, which settles the pervading harmony of the entire publication.

The author next encounters, in the railway carriage, an Irish lord, one of that species which would, at once, “be taken for a lord by those who had never seen one.” This nobleman acts as the American's Cicerone along the line, pointing out all objects of curiosity which may, or may not, be seen in its vicin-

ity; and appending, *par parenthèse*, an essay on aristocratic gambling and London hell, which, though true in some particulars, fails precisely in those details with which one, who really moved in aristocratic society, must be familiar, even though not personally acquainted with them. The description is, indeed, quite of the silver fork school. Of this lord, also, the author inquires concerning the different objects manufactured in Birmingham: and by a singular stroke of the blind lady “Chance, high arbiter,” the nobleman has “in his pocket” the very document necessary to a full reply to the question: the list extends to three printed pages, and had possibly been got up by its possessor for some paper to be read to the Statistical Society. So, also, on arriving in London, the author runs “full butt” against a Captain Manners, whom he knocks flat down on his back, after the most approved fashion of railway collisions; and the Captain, when picked up, turns out a volunteer guide through the streets of London, and no less statistically accurate than the lord: for we have (apparently on his authority) the cost of the several bridges, with the number of their arches, set forth as if from the Picture of London. Again, we have many instances of inaccuracy, which, if they are not to be taken as inferences against the authenticity of the work, are marks, less of inaccuracy of observation, than of seeing through the prejudices of third persons. Thus we are told of ladies of rank attending the “great convention” at Exeter Hall to show their diamonds; and a scene at Almack's too absurd even for laughter. All this, to say the least of it, has the very familiar air of book-making. Even if we assume that the work, in its broad outline, is genuine, there is manifest proof of a tampering with the integrity of the MS., and the writer has fallen into a too common error of inventing a frame in which to place his picture—a machinery for setting off his occasional narratives, which, though meant to give reality to a tale, is, in truth, the readiest means of conferring on it an air of fiction.

These obvious defects are noticeable as deductions from the literary merit of the writer,—from the amount of his knowledge of how to observe and what to observe, and how to display what he has observed. The objection, it is true, extends only to the department of manners and personal narrative; and there remains abundance of matter of a graver nature, in which the darker features of the national picture are displayed with much earnestness and zeal. Mr. Lester exhibits himself as a true republican, as one of those highly excited religious characters so common in America, whose electricity is ever ready to discharge itself upon externals—who takes ready offence at whatever falls short of his own standard, and who has no idea of correcting the whole duty of man by the dicta of Dr. McCulloch. As an American, unaccustomed to the deplorable pauperism of our manufacturing towns, he is proportionately affected by its exhibition; while, as a Christian, he is shocked at the insensibility with which it is beheld by the people. Here lies the value of the work, if it have any. It is good that the reading public should be roused out of the stupor in which they are plunged, that they should be forced to look the horrid truth in the face, and to ask “can such things be,” without bringing with them consequences too cheaply averted at almost any sacrifice?

Mr. Lester professes to have entered very minutely into a personal examination of the condition of the manufacturing poor; and although he has manifestly taken too much authorial pains in dressing up his statements, probably crowding into one picture traits derived from several different instances, yet they

are not without undeniable traces of truth of an appalling description:—

"I happened to be wandering one evening through a dirty lane, in the part of the town where the operatives are clustered. The factories were just opening their doors for weary thousands to go home; and I met crowds of ragged, pale men, women, and children. There was an air of abjectness and exhaustion, of servile degradation and feebleness, about very many I saw; among whom were persons of all ages—from the old and haggard, to children of tender years. I stood at the corner of a street, and looked at the crowds as they passed along. I observed a boy, apparently about twelve or thirteen, holding up and dragging a pale little girl considerably younger than himself. 'Come along now, Meggy; can't you go for yourself a bit—I am about to give up, and can't carry you again?' I took the little creature's left hand, and the boy took the other, and we led her on to their home. The eyes of every one in the street were turned upon me, as though it were a strange thing to see a well-dressed person take a fainting child by the hand. 'What is the matter, my boy, with your sister?' 'She's tired out, Sir; for she is not used to the mill-work yet, and it comes hard on her.' 'How many brothers and sisters have you?' 'There's six of us in all. George is apprenticed in Preston; and Sarah, and Kate, and Billy work in Mr. —'s mill.' We turned into a very narrow, filthy lane, and the boy, pointing the way down into the basement, said, 'Here we live.' The steps were steep and narrow, and I took the little girl in my arms, and carried her into the cellar. The mother was lying upon a low bed of rags in one corner of the apartment. She rose up after one or two unsuccessful efforts, and sat on the side of the bed. The room was nearly dark; and what light there was came through the door we entered, and fell upon her face. Her countenance looked sallow and consumptive; her cheek was feverish, and her eyes were sunk deep in her head. I apologized for intruding. 'Oh, sir,' she said, in a low and hollow voice, 'God bless you, don't apologize for entering my cellar; I am glad to see any one but my hungry children.' 'The little girl climbed upon the bed and lay down, and the boy threw himself upon an old chest at the head of the bed, and in a few minutes both of them were in a sound sleep. The widow rose up, and supporting herself by the wall, went to the corner of the room, and brought a tin cup of gruel (oatmeal and water); and seating herself again on the bed, roused up her children to eat their simple meal. She had to shake them several times before they got up; and then she fed them with an iron spoon, giving to each a spoonful at a time. When the gruel was gone, the still hungry children asked for more. 'No, dears,' said the mother, 'you must go to sleep now; you can't have any more to-night.' 'It's my turn to-night, Tony, to have the cup,' said the little girl; the boy gave it to her, and crawled over to the other side of the bed to his night's sleep. The girl licked the spoon, and then plunged her little hand into the cup to get her the last particle of the gruel left. When she handed the cup to her mother, she turned up her eyes with a mournful expression, asking for 'one spoonful more;' which the poor mother refused. 'Have you no more in the house?' I inquired. 'Yes, Sir,' she answered, 'but only enough for us till Saturday, when the children's wages come due; and I have lain the rest aside; for it's better to have a little every day, than to have enough once or twice, and then have nothing.'"

So much for the corporeal destitution; and now for the intellectual darkness, its necessary concomitant:—

"I talked for an hour with the widow about the religion of the Bible, the love of the Saviour, and the hope of Heaven. Her ideas on these subjects were extremely vague. 'I used to go to church,' she said, 'when I had clothes to wear, but I heard what I could never believe. When I heard the priest speak of a merciful God, who loves all his creatures so well that he does not let a sparrow fall to the ground without his notice, I could not forget, that I, for no crime, had to toil on in poverty and wretchedness, and see the bread taken from the mouths of my hungry children, to support the rich minister, who never came near my cellar. If this is

religion, I do not want it; and if God approves of this, I cannot love him.' 'But, my good woman,' I replied, 'your Bible tells you of the abounding mercy of God.' 'That may be, sir,' she answered; 'but I have no Bible to read, although I believe I could read one soon if I had it.' I took from my pocket a small Bible, and read the story of the Saviour's love; his life, his works of mercy, his kindness to the poor, his ministry, his death and resurrection. I tried to make her distinguish between the unjust and cruel legislation of man and the just and kind laws of God. 'Oh, sir,' she said, 'I think I could love such a Being;' and as she spoke, a smile, that seemed almost unwilling to stay, spread its gentle glow over her once handsome features. 'But,' after a moment's hesitation, she continued, 'if there was such a Being as the Bible describes, such a Being as you have told me of; so powerful that He can do all things, and so good that He is pained to see any of his creatures suffer, it seems to me He would help my children. He certainly would if He loved them as well as I do.'"

The last trait, if somewhat dramatically put, is eminently pathetic.

On returning from this scene, the author proceeded to inquire concerning its causes from a manufacturer with whom he was on a visit:

"I inquired what was to be done; who was to be blamed for this immense amount of misery. 'Why, sir,' said he, in reply, 'you have asked me two questions which involve the whole subject of political economy; and to answer them intelligently, one must be familiar with the whole fabric of English society. He must understand the history and government of Great Britain in all their branches; and he must be thoroughly acquainted with the character and condition of the manufacturing districts. But you inquire particularly about the manufacturing interests: with these I am familiar, as I have been a manufacturer myself for twenty-five years. The sufferings of the operatives are very great. English manufacturers, as a body, are not an inhumane or ungenerous class of men; but the nature of their business is such, that they are obliged to conduct it with the utmost economy, in order successfully to compete with the manufactures of other parts of the world; and they become so accustomed to the sufferings and privations of their operatives, that, as a matter of course, they are less affected by them than strangers.—It is impossible that any laws should be so constructed that their provisions shall meet the exigencies of the case. A law that shall benefit the operative must injure our business, unless government remove some of the iniquitous burdens which they, and not the manufacturers, have imposed upon the poor.'"

The statements of this manufacturer may be one-sided; but it must not therefore be assumed that they are wholly devoid of truth. He then proceeds to consider the history of the factory legislature, detailing the principal clauses of the bill passed in 1833. Of that bill he observes—

"This, you will say, is an humane and just bill: it must remove the worst evils. But this is not the case; and I can show that as great, if not greater evils now exist. It is impossible for this law to be observed; for many families would be starved to death, unless they worked more hours a day than it permits. Many operatives could not maintain themselves under its operation. Parliament might just as well have voted that all the colliers in the mines should dig their coal on the surface of the ground. It has been of great service, I doubt not, to the apprenticed children; but of little service to others. For Parliament may pass as many humane regulations as they please, to protect the operatives: they will all be in vain, so long as these same men groan under the weight of the corn-laws and the vast burden of taxation. I think there are now fewer instances of brutal violence and abuse, and that there is not as much night-work done. Some of these regulations have been carried into effect; and perhaps a general advantage has been derived from the act. But, should I give an opinion, I should say that there never was a time when disease, suffering, ignorance, and crime were so rife among the English operatives as at present. The manufactures have been greatly improved, and immense fortunes

have been made; but it has been all at the expense of the operative. Never was there a time when the philanthropist and the Christian had so much cause to mourn over the condition of the working classes as now."

There is much force in what the author remarks to his correspondent, on the manufacturer's evidence:—

"I am aware, sir, there are many persons seemingly well informed on this subject, who differ widely from the opinions here expressed; though I fear the judgments of such men are not a little swayed by interest. But I cannot doubt that the statements of this gentleman were made with candour, and may be relied on as very near the truth.—Since my return [to the U.S.] I have conversed with a large number of persons in this country who are familiar with the manufacturing system, and the condition of the operatives in England, and they have all concurred, in the main, in the opinions contained in this letter. —I have recently had several conversations with a superintendent of one of the largest cotton factories in the State of New York, who returned in the spring of 1840 from Great Britain, where he had spent several months in collecting information.—He gave me his opinion upon every point I have dwelt on in this letter. 'Wherever I went, in the manufacturing districts,' said he, 'I saw extreme poverty, ignorance, and suffering. I did not find a factory in England, where the operatives seemed to be comfortable; not one in which there was not much that was painful to witness.' 'Some of the English operatives receive nearly as high wages for their work as we pay; but they work harder to get their money, and it will not go more than half as far (nor that, I think) in procuring the necessities of life. I went into the houses of many of the hands, and, almost without exception, they were filthy gloomy places. Few of the comforts of life were to be seen there; and the odour was dreadfully offensive. Animal food they seldom eat, potatoes and the coarsest bread being almost their entire food; and but few of them have enough of this. The operatives nearly all look unhealthy—pallid, sallow, and worn-out; destitute of spirit, and enfeebled by privation and hard work. The apprenticed children are very often treated with greater cruelty than slaves, and are perhaps much worse off.' (This, too, is the language of a warm abolitionist.) 'I would lay it down as a general principle, that the English operatives are sacrificed to the spirit of trade. I think the English people are as much infatuated with it, and will practise as much cruelty and injustice towards their operatives in securing the interests of trade, as do the Southrons in raising cotton. The truth is, that in England, while the rich and the noble have all that the heart can desire, the poor man is a slave. It is an insult to the spirit of freedom and to the common sense of mankind, for England to talk about the liberty of her people. In England, nothing makes a man free but money.'"

Making whatever allowance may be thought necessary for over-statement, for cant and for one-sided views, enough remains in these statements to render indifference on the part of the nation inexcusable.

We ought perhaps to give some examples of the author's manner of treating more agreeable subjects—such as his interview with Mr. Dickens (Boz), his evenings with Mr. Thomas Campbell; but these scenes, like all the rest of the work, want simplicity. There is also a lively description of a meeting of the Abolition Convention, with sketches of the principal characters present, and an account of a visit to John Thoroughgood while in Chelmsford jail, reminding us a little of the old stern times of the Reformation; but they are written too obviously for effect; and we cannot get rid of the impression that they are of home manufacture.

*The Canadas in 1841.* By Sir Richard H. Bonycastle. 2 vols. Colburn.

We have of late heard and read so much about the Canadas, that their name on the title-page of a new work has, on the first impression, an

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unpromising sound; and it requires the authority of a name which is a pledge for extensive acquaintance with the subject, and holds out the prospect of substantial information, to revive our flagging interest. Such, however, is the intrinsic importance of the subject, so vast are the issues pending in that quarter of our empire, as well from the mighty resources yet to be developed, as the political questions there on trial, and the manner in which both are affected by geographical neighbourhood, that the offered testimony of a competent witness like Sir Richard Bonnycastle recalls us, at once, to a sense of the inexhaustible character of his theme. It is, perhaps, because our attention is thus, somewhat reluctantly, engaged, by the prospect of important evidence, that our disappointment in these volumes is greater than it should be. We are scarcely entitled to make the author responsible for the failure of expectations, suggested certainly by his character and position, but to which, from the very earliest of his pages, it is seen that he lends no countenance. Still, the abundant proof furnished by these pages themselves of Sir Richard's thorough acquaintance with the country, and (with a few exceptions) the general tone of fairness and freedom from prejudice which they exhibit as among his qualities, make us regret that a more substantial addition to our knowledge of these important colonies, in their moral relations and political prospects, is not given by a witness so competent. Great as are the problems working out, in every quarter of the globe, under England's boundless system of colonization, there is no portion of her extended dominions in which they wear a character of more immediate interest, or to which the destinies of unborn generations of the world seem more certainly committed,—from the close neighbourhood of this scheme of imperial colonization, to the grand republican experiment likewise in progress; the boundless field and prodigious scale on which both of these social theorems are laid down, side by side, for proof,—the fact that, in each case, the question is trying on ground covered with the ruins and still supplying some of the evidences of a third form of civilization, wiped summarily out, to make room for the figures of the new problem—and from the further fact, that tokens of the certain conflict which the living systems have to maintain, in the future, may be read, if not by all who run, at least by all who ponder. To the solution of any of the questions arising out of or affecting this state of things, this book of Sir Richard Bonnycastle's offers no contribution—save only that element (not an unimportant one, certainly) which is contained in a graphic and extensive view of the territorial resources of the country. No inquiry, historical or political, is here conducted, and no philosophical deductions are, of course, attempted to be drawn. The book is not even *statistical*, properly speaking—from the entire absence of system or generalization—though many statistical materials are loosely furnished in its pages. From the lonely Anticosti and desolate Labrador at the one extreme, to the solitudes of Lake Huron at the other, the author passes up the shores of the St. Lawrence, and round all the lake coasts of Upper Canada, describing alike the familiar and the little known—Quebec and Niagara, as well as the Georgian Bay and the Bay of Thunder—giving the character, capabilities, and prospects of every location, its scenery, geological formations, geographical relations, and probable contribution, arising out of all or any of these sources, to the great future empire of the West—glancing, every now and then, deep into the forest, in support of his propositions, and everywhere noting those accidents of

surface which offer the materials, or present the obstacles, to the giant works that the engineer will, one day, be summoned to execute on this deeply-featured soil. The book is rather a survey of the entire face of the country, than anything else—yet losing much of its value, even in that character, for want of a systematic arrangement of its more important materials, and because of the trivialities with which they are intermixed; and, at the same time, and notwithstanding its discursive character, it is sufficiently professional to be far less amusing than its author seems to anticipate. To the settler in search of a location, or the traveller following in the author's track, it will be invaluable as a guide-book; but we cannot be satisfied that matter so valuable as it contains, the result of opportunities so peculiar and an observation so minute, should serve no higher objects than these, from a defect in the form of the record. "Leisure to embody all the information thus gleaned," says the author, "has not hitherto been afforded me; and, even in undertaking to place before the public the present volumes, other avocations scarcely allow me time to prepare them for the press with that care which is so desirable in a work seeking to blend information with amusement." In this sentence, then, we see at once an admission of the deficiencies which form our objection to these volumes, and something like a promise that Col. Bonnycastle's intimate acquaintance with the immense territory which is their subject is yet to be turned to more substantial account than these furnish for the reading public.

"In the course of such extensive travels," says the author, "I became acquainted with the people inhabiting that territory, from the resident of the city to the hard-working pioneers in the vast forests, and to the wandering and savage Indian." It is one of our complaints against Sir Richard Bonnycastle's volumes, that he has communicated to us far less of that knowledge than we had a right to expect—and less, perhaps, than in his avowedly hurried manner of noting down his own experiences, he thinks he has. His remarks on subjects of this nature, where they do occur, are so sensible, and, for the most part, as we have observed, conceived in a spirit so conciliatory and kind, that we should be glad to hear him further on such topics. One of the themes of this nature, to which he returns more than once, with evident interest and sympathy, is that rapid extinction of the red sons of the soil, before the pale-faced settler, which is by far the most affecting incident of Canadian history—and the most painful of all its chapters that which records how the now helpless remnant of the aboriginal tribes are, one by one, coming in, to the pale of the new civilization, in search of the food and protection which their own immemorial hunting-grounds furnish no longer—and, perishing, at once, of its moral diseases, in substitution of the slower extermination of that hunger which drives them out of the wilderness. The description of a Conference with a tribe on the Borders of Lake Huron, exhibits to us a picture of the pure and unmixed breed of the children of the forest, painted from the life, and including the above melancholy moral, may be referred to as a good example of our author's manner, when he takes ground of this kind: but it is too long for extract. Elsewhere, in alluding to this meeting, Sir R. Bonnycastle observes—

"I would that they had been able to live in their native wild woods and prairies. I was delighted with the fresh display of untamed and uncivilized nature; for with all the barbarous and blood-thirsty warlike deeds which they there performed, there was something so noble, simple, and chaste, in the manners, bearing, and demeanour of these sons of the soil,

that it won golden opinions from all beholders. But a few short months afterwards, and I again saw my friends, the Pou-tah-wah-tamies, or, as they are vulgarly called, Pottawatamies, on the green sward in front of the parliament buildings at Toronto, haggard, clothed in rags and filthy blankets, bearing the evidence of starvation in their intelligent features. Want had driven them to do that which an Indian recoils from with horror—to rob the friends who had protected them. Whiskey, the accursed 'fire-water,' as their eloquent language styles it, had swept away reason from the wise men, and strength from the youthful warrior. Their stock of ornamental and requisite personal appendages had been bartered for it, and the very provisions and blankets, which their great Father had so liberally bestowed for the support and comfort of his wandering red children, had been converted by it to profit a lawless and vile race of traders, who fatten on the spoils of these unsuspecting sons of the soil, and whose unholly thirst for gold has swept from its surface almost the very name of its ancient possessors."

The same subject is touchingly presented in the following extract, which exhibits, likewise, a striking example of the moral impossibility that the human denizens of the forest should ever have been reclaimed, on a large scale, to the life of towns, and the political necessity which existed for the new civilization to make good its own ground by swallowing up the old:—

"I recollect the first time I saw the Canadian Indian was in coming up the St. Lawrence, when, on the break of an autumnal day, the most picturesque and splendid scene of the passage from the Isle of Orleans, opened itself gradually out as the morning mist yielded to the sun. The white and fleecy Falls of Montmorency, the high-capped mountains, the bold and lofty promontory of Cape Diamond, the glittering silver-roofed city (for so Quebec appears to a stranger), the formidable citadel, the broad and majestic St. Lawrence, covered with noble vessels of war, and of trade, strangely mingled with the woods of Point Levi, on the opposite shore, where, their night-fires slowly expiring, we observed an Indian encampment. The contrast between the solitary wretchedness of the wigwam camps, hastily formed of boughs and bark, and incapable of resisting the rain-storm, with the splendid city, and the mass of noble vessels, of the whites, was, to me, very striking and melancholy. The poor and defenceless owners of the soil seemed to have been pushed back into the lonely cove of the forest, by the arrogant intruders on their birthrights. The extremes of civilization and barbarism were separated only by a few yards of mountain land; whilst the knowledge that the power of the white and bearded stranger, as the Mexicans, and others of the red family, designate their conquerors, was originally exerted only to annihilate, increased the feeling for a people whose condition, though somewhat ameliorated, is, perhaps, with a few exceptions, as bad as it well can be. I have seen the red man in all his relative situations—of warrior, hunter, tiller of the soil, and preacher of the word; I have seen him wholly wild, but never wholly civilized; for the best specimen of an Indian missionary I am acquainted with, in Upper Canada, forgot all his instruction, all his acquired feelings and habits, when he witnessed with me the war dance of heathen and perfectly savage warriors. He had been carefully educated from a boy, spoke English perfectly, was modest, intelligent, and well-bred; guided his young family excellently, and did not intrude his professional habits and opinions when in society, nor seemed to be in the least elevated by his superior acquisitions. Yet, he grinned with savage delight at this exhibition of untutored nature. And when I asked him if it was not a blessing that the Indian had listened to the mild spirit of the white man's religion, and having proved himself capable of appreciating it, that he might be the means of imparting its doctrines to the savage natures before us, who displayed human frailty in its lowest state of degradation, he calmly replied, 'What you say, my friend, is true; but I never before saw my red brother in the condition of an absolute and acknowledged warrior. Ah! he is very brave! My father was as brave and as wild as he is, and often have I hid me from his frown in the depths of the woods. Listen,

the warrior is telling of his battles! I will interpret the brave man's speech to you.' And excited beyond the power of control by his native feelings, he went on translating the mighty deeds of a second Walk-in-the-Water, or Young Wolf, or Snapping Turtle, or some other chief of equally euphonious and terrible cognomen. He stayed out a second edition of the war-story, and even of the pipe-dance, which latter exhibition, a European missionary would consider himself justly degraded by being present at, and I left him involved in rapid discourse with the heathen warriors."

A few examples of the author's manner of sketching, which forms a very marking feature of these volumes, must conclude our extracts from their pages:—

"Nothing can possibly exceed in singularity the scene which presents itself to the traveller, on entering that vast expanse of the noble St. Lawrence, known, on account of its innumerable channels amongst the granite rocks, as the Thousand Islands. Here Nature appears to have used her utmost fancy in preparing a grand proscenium to feast the wanderer's eye, ere it reaches the vast open seas of fresh water which he is about to launch out upon. Of immense width, the St. Lawrence winds in arms of every dimension, through a rocky country, which is singularly contrasted with the comparatively flat and tame scene we had just left behind. Here, in fact, in ages long gone by, the mighty stream, probably pent up in the vast inland basin of North America, urged its vexed waters against that portion of the primitive barrier which wisely extends from the granite mountains of the east, over to the dividing ridge between the wild regions of Hudson's Bay and the tributary waters of the Ottawa and the St. Lawrence. Here, by some tremendous effort, which has evidently shaken the whole country, from Kingston, at the eastern extremity of Lake Ontario, to the other side of the region through which the granite ridge pursues its north-westerly course, the river has once rushed over a sheet of cascades and rapids many miles in breadth, which now have disappeared, and, amid the torn and denuded masses of electric granite, the mighty Iroquois, silently, but swiftly wends its undisturbed way to the rapids many leagues below. Most of the Thousand Islands are covered with dense masses of forest trees; and some of these woody isles, low and flat, give the idea of the tranquil scenes of an Italian lagoon, as seen in the heated, but pure atmosphere and sky of a Canadian autumn; others are split and rent into a variety of fantastic forms, and present views of singular wildness: again, at another turn of the labyrinthine channel, we pass under a frowning wall of precipitous rock, covered with the moss and lichens of ages, and on whose bare tops, where never yet has man set his foot, the hoary pine or fir lifts its proud dark head, supported only by the finger-like fibres of which its few, but firmly-clasping bare roots are formed. Then, again, another fairy picture presents itself, in groves growing, as it were, out of the water, and apparently stopping all further progress; whilst, in a single second, the verdant curtain is drawn, and the eye wanders over a vast tract of rippling water, broken, here and there, only by a few small rocks projecting above its surface, and bounded by the ancient and interminable forests of the main land. But it would be vain to attempt descriptions of scenery having no parallel as a whole, and through which even a steamboat requires a day to traverse; and which, to be truly felt in all its varied grandeur, should be observed at leisure."

We shall now give Sir Richard's account of Niagara; for, after all that has been written on the subject, we read it with interest:—

"Having had charge of the public property there, I enjoyed opportunities of a closer examination than is afforded to the lot of European travellers; and although I have for weeks together scanned Niagara, its absolute features, its individual parts, are still as mysterious as when I first saw them. To see them 'aright,' you must not only visit them 'by fair moonlight,' but you must descend to the very edge of the trembling rocky brink of the cauldron on the British side, immediately under the stairs, and sixty or seventy feet below the narrow platform of rock on which you have stood when you have

reached the last of these stairs. This is not to be effected without some trouble, risk, and fatigue; but it repays all your exertion; for when you have reached the edge, close to the rainbow or split rock, you are, as it were, at once in a new world—chaos seems there to have never been disturbed by the regularity of nature, but reigns solemn and supreme. Place your back against the projecting, blackened, and slime-covered rocks, and look towards the mighty mass of vapour and water before you, around you, beneath you, and above you. Hearing, sight, feeling, become, as it were, blended and confounded. You are sensible that you exist, perhaps; but in what state of existence has, for a few minutes, vanished from your imagination. The rocks vibrate under your feet; the milk-white boiling and mountain surge advances, swells up, subsides, recoils, lashes, and mingles with the thick vapour. An indescribable and terrific, dull, yet deafening sound, shakes the air; your nerves feel the concussion, and the words of surprise which at length escape from your lips are inaudible, even to yourself, so awfully stern is the uproar of the contending air and water in their conflict for mastery. The ideas which first struck me when I had recovered from this stupor of astonishment, were those of being swept away by the foaming mountains, bubbling and seething in the huge cauldron at my feet; of being on the point of losing the sense of hearing, for my temerity in venturing to pry so nearly into the unattainable mysteries of nature; and of instant annihilation from the mass of overhanging black and beetling rock above my head, at an absolute height of nearly two hundred feet. In fact, I experienced the same sensations so beautifully described by Shakspeare in Lear, but from a reverse cause; so true is it, that extremes meet. I became giddy and confounded by looking at and up to the dizzy scene, instead of from glancing the eye down towards an unfathomable abyss of air and water below. There are few visitors who venture to the 'imminent deadly breach' of the edge of the cauldron, and of the Split Rainbow Rock. These form a huge mass, buried cables deep in the gulph, fallen headlong from above, rent by the fall in twain nearly to its base; wedged into the lip of the cauldron, and towering twenty or thirty feet above the mounting surge. How it became so transfixed, baffles conjecture, for it was evidently hurled from the table rock above. This rainbow rock, as it is called, or Iris' throne, from the extremity of the arc appearing to rest upon it, when you view the great fall from the rocky table above, cannot now be approached so easily. The ladder by which, at much personal hazard, its flat and slippery surface was gained, has been swept away by the raging flood; and it is perhaps fortunate that it is so, for the experiment of gaining and standing on the surface was attended with great risk. I saw one person, whilst I was sketching the scene, actually lying down at full length upon the edge of it, with his head projected over, to look into the very cauldron. I shuddered at the hardihood displayed, for a false movement would be inevitable and instant destruction on that slippery platform. When he descended the ladder, I told him what I had felt, and he was fully aware of his danger, but said, that from his childhood he had been a ranger in the Alps. To add to the difficulties of your situation on the edge of the cauldron, the descending and ascending spray is so great, that you are wet through very soon; whilst the clouds of arrowy sleet driving in your eyes, render sketching not very pleasant; whilst, to add to your stock of ideas, you behold a truly Freischütz display; for crawling at your feet, amidst a mass of ground and splintered timber, bones and shivered rock, are the loathsome and large black toad, the hideously deformed black lizard, eels of a most equivocal appearance, and even that prototype of the eel, the fierce black water-serpent."

With the Great Fall and the Horseshoe Fall, the reader is, probably, familiar; we shall, therefore, proceed to the Whirlpool:—

"The river, which has gradually contracted its channel very much, after passing the great white sheet of the American Fall, proceeds in a curved form towards the north-west, and after falling over tremendous rapids, suddenly turns, at right angles to its former course, and runs towards the north-east,

still hemmed in by the precipice, which now increases in altitude. Here it has scooped out a vast basin in the rocks, of a circular form, and the rushing and roaring waters, entering the narrow gorge from the south-east, strike by their impetus with such force on the perpendicular wall of the opposite gorge, that an under-current is immediately created, and the waters whirl in a dizzy vortex, until they find egress towards the north-east, between the precipitous walls of the chasm. As the rock is very lofty here (between two and three hundred feet), the view from above is so distant, that very little but the faint whirling, or concentrically enlarging circles of the water can be traced; for the largest trunks of trees which are spinning in its eddies seem there no bigger than sticks. It is from below that the curious visitant must see the effect. But the descent is dangerous, from the vicinity of the Table Rock, and it is necessary to go back about a mile on the road, and ask permission to cross a farmer's grounds, where there is a path more accessible. Here, after crossing a field or two, you enter into a beautiful wood, and, going through it for a quarter of a mile, begin to descend by a narrow, obscure, and winding path, cut out of the mountain, which is covered with the primeval forest. The descent is not very difficult, perfectly safe, and with a little expense would be pleasant. It leads to the centre of the bay-coast of the whirlpool, where there are but few rocks, and a narrow shingle beach. Here you see the vastness of the scene, the great expanse of the circular basin, the mass of mountain which encloses it almost to its very edge, and the overhanging Table Rock, nearly like that at the Falls, and probably produced by a similar cause, the disintegration of the slate beds under the more unyielding limestone. So extensive, however, is the surface of water, that the huge trunks of trees floating in the concentric circles of the whirling waters, when they reach their ultimate doom in the actual vortex, appear still not larger than small logs. They revolve for a great length of time, touching the shores in their extreme gyrations, and then, as the circles narrow, are tossed about with increasing rapidity, until, in the middle, the largest giants of the forest are lifted perpendicularly, and appear to be sucked under, after a time, altogether. A singular part of the view is the very sharp angle of the precipice, and its bank of debris on the American side. You also just catch a view of the foaming rapid on the right; and an attentive observer will perceive that in the centre of the vast basin of the whirlpool, the water is several feet higher than at the edges, appearing to boil up from the bottom. \* \* It is said, that timber and logs coming over the rapids from the falls, are detained sometimes for months, before they are finally engulfed in the whirlpool, and, doubtless, it is never free from them; and perhaps there may be occasionally a counteracting current, from the furious winds which rage in the chasm, or other causes, to prevent their approach to the centre; and in this way those who have escaped, have escaped merely because they were only tossed about in the outer rings of the whirl, and never approached its tremendous centre, from which, I conceive, by an under-current, the water escapes to the gorge below, and from which, when once involved, nothing could possibly emerge; as the very boiling up of the waters, and the tremendous force exerted there on the trees and logs, evince. The visit to the shores of the whirlpool may be attended with the gratification of another kind of curiosity to the naturalist, for he may there see the rattlesnake in his native horrors. The boy who went with me as a guide, endeavoured to find a den, or cleft, in which this tremendous reptile might be lying, but he was unsuccessful, although they are frequently seen and killed there, being, after all, fortunately sluggish and inactive. We saw other snakes, but not the dreaded one."

Again, we repeat that these volumes have disappointed us:—and again also we repeat, in fairness, that our disappointment arises, not from Sir Richard Bonnycastle's having failed to do anything which he assumes to have done, but from his not having done that which we feel he could, and which the announcement of his book had led us to expect.

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*Letters and Papers of Cardinal Granvelle—*  
[*Documents Inédits pour l'Histoire de France*].  
2 vols. 4to. Paris, Imprimerie Royale.

In these volumes are laid open, for the first time, the State papers of Cardinal Granvelle, the Prime Minister, successively, of Charles V. and Philip II., a collection which, for above two centuries, has been an object of curiosity among all men who addict themselves to historical inquiries; the importance of which has been acknowledged by all who have written on the history of the sixteenth century, but which have lain so long buried in the archives of Besançon, that we had abandoned all hopes of ever obtaining access to them.

Ever since the death of Cardinal Granvelle, in 1586, (he died at Madrid after being Viceroy of Naples), it has been matter of notoriety that he left a prodigious mass of diplomatic correspondence and memoirs, extending over a period of thirty or forty years, and touching the springs of almost every great transaction of the sixteenth century, the negotiations of the Emperor Charles with England, France, and the Protestant Princes of Germany, the administration of the Duchess of Parma in Flanders, above all, the important negotiations preliminary to the treaty of Chateau-Cambresis, to which De Thou traces the revolt of Flanders and the civil wars of France, and which were conducted by Granvelle on the part of Philip, and the Cardinal of Lorraine on the part of France. But for a long period nothing was known respecting these important documents beyond the bare fact of their existence; and those who had access to them were so daunted by their enormous bulk, that nothing transpired beyond the walls of the Abbey of St. Vincent, where they lay. Dr. Robertson, in the History of Charles V. book 11, after stating that he had learnt from L'Evesque, that some curious information respecting the abdication of the Emperor Charles was contained in the papers of Granvelle, adds, "This vast collection is one of the most valuable historical monuments of the sixteenth century;" he further adds, that he had not had access to it, and it is known that Dr. Robertson was accustomed to express his regret that he had no opportunity of consulting those celebrated Archives.

The history of the Manuscripts, as given in the Preface to the present publication, does not differ materially from the account of them delivered by Menage ('Menagiana,' tom. iii. p. i.), and is itself extremely curious. Cardinal Granvelle, it appears, left in his house at Besançon, of which See he was long Archbishop, a vast mass of despatches in all languages, which at his death were contained in five or six large chests. These were moved to a garret, where they became the prey of rats and rain. At length the person into whose possession the mansion passed, having occasion for the chests, sold all the papers contained in them to the grocers of Besançon. Thus the whole collection was dispersed, and many important documents lost. Some of them, falling into the hands of persons of education, they attracted the attention of Boissot, the Abbot of St. Vincent, who immediately set himself to collect them from the infinitely various hands into which they had passed. Having got together a very large number, he examined them with much labour, reduced them to some kind of order, and, to prevent a similar casualty, had them bound up in eighty large folio volumes. Boissot deposited them in the library of the Abbey of St. Vincent, and died in 1594.

Several men of letters had access to them during the next century. Flechier was permitted to consult them for his life of Cardinal Ximenes. Leibnitz made some use of them in his collection of documents for the history of the Middle Ages. The first attempt to give publicity to these

monuments was made by Dom Leveque, Librarian of the Abbey, who, about the middle of the last century, printed a few extracts from them, under the title of 'Mémoires du Cardinal Granvelle,' in two volumes 12mo. This work, which was printed at Paris in 1753, now lies before us. It contains several despatches of Granvelle to Philip II., a brief of Paul III. addressed to Charles V., and the Emperor's answer, together, with many pieces respecting the private affairs of the Cardinal, of little interest. At length Berthold, a Benedictine of Brittany, one of those men whose intrepidity and inexhaustible industry no labour could daunt, undertook the task of analyzing and methodizing these MSS. For this purpose he repaired to Besançon, about twenty years before the Revolution. The mere survey of the documents would have appalled a less resolute spirit—eighty folio volumes of MSS. in various languages, many much obliterated, many difficult to be deciphered. Ten years did Berthold devote to the perusal and arrangement of them, but death overtook him in the midst of his labours. He was succeeded by Grappin, a kindred spirit, who made application to the Ministers of Louis XVI. for assistance towards the publication. He received some encouragement, but the Court was then in the midst of those difficulties which issued in the Revolution, and forty years more elapsed before another and more successful attempt to give these manuscripts to the world. In 1834 the Granvelle State Papers attracted the attention of M. Guizot, who was then setting on foot the publication of the *Documents Inédits*. Guizot established a special commission at Besançon for their collation, of which we have the first fruits in these two volumes.

The period comprehended in them extends from the Conference at Calais at the close of the year 1521, when Wolsey mediated between Charles V. and Francis, on the eve of their first war, till the year 1544, the end of the first war carried on by these monarchs. The most interesting portion contained in these volumes, consists of the Emperor Charles V.'s instructions to his ambassadors during the truce from the Treaty of Cambray in 1529, till his third war with Francis in 1535. Charles was, at that period, menaced not only by the Lutheran league of Smalcald, but by a union between Francis and Henry VIII., who, by embassies and subsidies, both stirred up his German dominions against him, and threatened him with invasion. While Francis, through the agency of De Bellay, was concluding offensive treaties both with Saxony and England, the Emperor had recourse to Pope Clement VII., whom he courted with every art of adulation, and with whom he succeeded in forming a league for the defence of Italy. The league concluded by these potentates at Bologna in 1533, is now, for the first time, printed, from the collection of Granvelle. Our readers may, perhaps, remember, that Francis, notwithstanding the utmost efforts of Charles to retain his hold on Clement, contrived to break their confederacy, by offering his second son, the Duke of Orleans, in marriage with the niece of the Pontiff, Catherine de Medecis. Of the negotiations of Francis at Nice, and of his other negotiations during that active age, we have long been in possession of full accounts, not only in the Ecclesiastical Annals of Raynald, but in the Memoirs of Martin and William de Bellay, who were actors in them. But of the Emperor's diplomatic efforts, we have had hitherto only very general accounts from Guicciardini, Varchi, Father Paul, and Seckendorff. We now, for the first time, learn the course of the Emperor's policy, from his own instructions, addressed to his ambassadors; and these instructions are marked by the penetration, vigilance,

and steady policy with which he was so signally endowed. Among the most remarkable of these, are the Instructions to the Imperial Ambassador at the court of Paris, on the occasion of Francis's interview with the Pope at Nice, dated 2nd October, 1503; and those to the same ambassador on the death of Clement and the election of Paul III., an event which retarded, for a time, the war then ready to break out between him and Francis. In this latter, appears the anxiety of Charles to shake the neutrality which Henry VIII. had now resolved to observe in their future quarrels. On the 8th of December, 1531, he tells his ambassador, that he approves of his reply to the proposal of the English ambassador with respect to Ireland. What this proposal was, it is vain, perhaps, now to conjecture. Ireland was one main object of Spanish ambition during the sixteenth century. Another despatch, dated September, 1543, exhibits Charles in the joint character of general and negotiator at another period of his eventful career. It is dated from the camp at Venlo, during his fourth war with Francis, and contains his instructions to Chantonnay, the brother of Granvelle, who was then proceeding to England as the Imperial ambassador. He had just laid waste the Duchy of Cleves; and in these instructions, he calculates, with much nice perception, the probable effect of that act of vengeance on the dispositions of his ally Henry, whom he had again drawn from his neutrality, and on the temper of the English people.

The historical value of these documents is great; but their principal charm consists in the combination of biographical, epistolary, and historical attractions, in that faithful development of individual character, which is only to be found in letters growing out of events and actions. They bear striking marks of those habits of long and patient reflection by which Charles was accustomed to ponder and work out his schemes of policy; and while they admit us to a near view of the mental habits of one of the most subtle and profound diplomatists that ever lived, they present a study equally curious and instructive. A keen discernment of character, temper, and art in the management of men, a singular sagacity in calculating the relative force of motives, a penetration which no disguise could elude, with consummate art in gracing his own subterfuges, to which may be added indefatigable industry—these are the characteristics of the Emperor placed before us in these despatches, and that, perhaps, in a fuller light than that in which Father Paul or Dr. Robertson has displayed them. They bear a considerable resemblance to those of Louis XI. in Duclos, but have nothing of Louis's caustic satire.

The next volume, the Preface informs us, will contain the negotiations prior to the Treaty of Crespy in 1544, which terminated the long hostilities between Charles and Francis, in which Granvelle acted for the Emperor. The portion of this minister's papers to which we look with the greatest interest, is that relating to the negotiation which preceded the final reconciliation of France and Austria by the Treaty of Chateau-Cambresis, more especially the conference which both Adriani and De Thou affirm to have taken place between Cardinal Granvelle and the Cardinal of Lorraine, at Peronne, in 1558, and at which these kindred spirits agreed that it was the duty of all Catholic princes to suspend their worldly differences, and to combine for the extermination of heresy. That that conference was the prelude to those prodigious efforts for the recovery of her authority which were made by the Church of Rome during the latter part of the sixteenth century, and to the civil wars of France and Flanders, both these his-

torians agree. Much light has lately been thrown by Ranke on the re-action of the Papal power under Philip II. and the league between France and Austria for the extirpation of the Protestants of both countries; but it is only through the State papers of Granvelle or the Cardinal of Lorraine, which still exist in the Bibliothèque Royale, that we can hope for the real history of that memorable period.

That our readers may be able to form some idea of the mass of materials on which Guizot's Commission is now at work at Besançon, we shall quote from Menage the catalogue of the personages whose letters are extant in the collection of Granvelle. "It consists," says Menage, "of letters of Charles V., Ferdinand I., Maximilian II., Philip II., Mary Queen of Hungary, Eleanor Queen of France, Margaret Duchess of Parma, Margaret Duchess of Savoy, and Mary Queen of Scots, together with those of many Ambassadors and Ministers."

#### ANTHOLOGY FOR 1841.

*'Pippa Passes,'* by Robert Browning.—Mr. Browning is one of those authors, whom, for the sake of an air of originality, and an apparent disposition to *think*, as a motive for writing,—we have taken more than common pains to understand, or than it may perhaps turn out that he is worth. Our faith in him, however, is not yet extinct,—but our patience is. More familiarized as we are, now, with his manner,—having conquered that rudiment to the right reading of his productions,—we yet find his texts nearly as obscure as ever—getting, nevertheless, a glimpse, every now and then, at meanings which it might have been well worth his while to put into English. We have already warned Mr. Browning, that no amount of genius can fling any lights from under the bushel of his affectations. Shakspeare himself would, in all probability, have been lost to the world, if he had written in the dead languages. On the present occasion, Mr. Browning's conundrums begin with his very title-page. "Bells and Pomegranates" is the general title given (it is reasonable to suppose Mr. Browning knows why, but certainly we have not yet found out—indeed we "give it up") to an intended "Series of Dramatical Pieces," of which this is the first; and *'Pippa Passes'* is a very pretty exercise of the reader's ingenuity, which we believe, however, on reading the poem, we may venture to say we have succeeded in solving. A curious part of the matter is, that these "Dramatical Pieces" are produced in a cheap form (neatly printed in double columns, price sixpence,) to meet and help the large demand—the "sort of pit-audience"—which Mr. Browning anticipates for them! How many men does Mr. Browning think there are in the world who have time to read this little poem of his? and of these, what proportion does he suppose will waste it, in searching after treasures that he thus unnecessarily and deliberately conceals? "Of course," he says, "such a work as this must go on no longer than it is liked;"—and, therefore, we are speaking of it, now, with that reverence and forbearance which one is accustomed to exercise towards the dead. Still-born, itself, it is also, no doubt, the last of its race—that is, if their being maintained by the public is a positive condition of their being begotten. Yet it has its limbs and lineaments of beauty, and exhibits the traces of an immortal spirit.

The idea of this little drama is, in itself, we think, remarkably beautiful, and well worth working out in language suited to its own simple and healthy moral. One of the daughters of labour, Pippa, a young girl employed in the silk-mills of Asolo, in the Trevisan, rises from her bed, on new-year's morning,—her single holiday of all the year:—and, as she pursues the long, but willing, labours of her toilet, the map of its boundless enjoyments unfolds before her imagination. Then, among the light-hearted girl's thoughts, come those which *must* intrude upon the speculations of the poor—the contrasts with her own lowly lot presented by the more fortunate forms of life which she sees everywhere around her. Her neighbours of the little town of Asolo pass in review before her, with their several circumstances of what, to the outward eye, is advantage; and a touch of the envy and ill will, from which even the humble cannot be wholly

exempt, mingles with her purer fancies, and dims the brightness of her holiday morning. But, in the breast of this joyous-hearted girl, these feelings soon take a healthier tone,—resolving themselves into reliance upon providence, contentment with her lot, which has in it this one chartered day—now only beginning—and a sense that she is a child of God as well as all the others, and has a certain value in the sum of creation, like the rest:—and so, she breaks away out into the sunshine, merry as a May-day queen,—

"Down the grass-path grey with dew,  
Nearth the pine-wood blind with boughs,  
Where the swallow never flew  
As yet, nor eagle dared carouse,"—

with a song expressing such sentiments, and her own joy:—

"The year's at the spring,  
And day's at the morn;  
Morning's at seven;  
The hill-side's dew pearled:  
The lark's on the wing,  
The snail's on the thorn;  
God's in his heaven—  
All's right with the world!"

And then, the poem, which has no unity of action,—is held together by the single unity of its moral, and is dramatic only because it is written in dialogue-form—introduces us, by a series of changes, into the interiors of certain of those dwellings which the envious thoughts of Pippa had failed to pierce: and we are present at scenes of passion or intrigue, which the trappings, that had dazzled her eye, serve to hide. One of these, between the wife of a rich miser and her paramour,—on the night which conceals the murder of the husband, by the guilty pair, but just as the day is about to dawn upon it—is written with such power of passion and of painting (with a voluptuousness of colour and incident, however, which Mr. Browning may find it convenient to subdue, for an English public) as marks a master-hand,—and makes it really a matter of lamentation, that he should persist in thinking it necessary for a poet to adopt the tricks of a conjuror, or fancy that among the true spells of the former are the mock ones of the latter's mystical words. Into this scene of guilt and passion,—as into all the others to which we are introduced,—breaks the clear voice of a girl, singing in the young sunshine. By each and all of them, *'Pippa passes,'*—carolling away her untiring burden of gladness,—*carrying*, everywhere her moral that "God's in his heaven," and the world beneath his eye—scattering sophisms and startling crime. Before this one natural and important truth, taught to a cheerful and lowly heart, the artificialities of life severally dissolve, and its criminals grow pale. Surely, there is something very fine in this! Not only have we the trite, but valuable, moral that happiness is more evenly distributed than it seems, enforced in a new form,—but also that other and less popularly understood one, which it were well the poor should learn,—and still better that the rich should ponder,—that the meanness of them all has his appointed value in God's scheme,—and a higher part may be cast to him who has to play it in rags, than to the puppet of the drama who enacts king, and walks the stage in purple. This despised little silk-weaver, like a messenger from God, knocks at the hearts of all these persons who seem to her so privileged,—and the proudest of them all opens to her. Again, we say, this is very fine;—and Mr. Browning is unjust both to himself and others, when he subjects it to the almost certainty of being lost. Why should an author, who can think such living thoughts as these, persist in making mummies of them?—and why should we, ere we could disengage this high and beautiful truth, have had to go through the tedious and disagreeable process of unwrapping?

We could not give our readers any specimen of the author's beauties, exceeding a few lines in length, without stumbling upon some of his obscurities: and will content ourselves, therefore, with a short example or two of his manner, when it is most natural and unencumbered:—

"I have  
Enjoyed these fifteen years of mine too much  
To leave myself excuse for longer life—  
Was not life pressed down, running o'er with joy,  
That I might finish with it ere my fellows,  
Who, sparerlier feasted, make a longer stay?  
I was put at the board-head, helped to all  
At first: I rise up happy and content.  
God must be glad one loves his world so much—  
I can give news of earth to all the dead  
Who ask me:—last year's sunsets and great stars,  
That had a right to come first, and see ebb

The crimson wave that drifts the sun away—  
Those crescent moons, with notched and burning rim,  
That strengthened into sharp fire, and there stood,  
Impatient of the azure—and that day.  
In March, a double rainbow stopped the storm—  
May's warm, slow, yellow, moonlit summer nights—  
Gone are they—but I have them in my soul!"

And the following song:

"You love me yet!—and I can carry  
Your love's protracted growing:  
June reared that bunch of flowers you carry,  
From seeds of April's sowing.  
I plant a heartful now—some seed  
At least is sure to strike,  
And yield—what you'll not care, indeed,  
To pluck, but, may be, like  
To look upon... my whole remains,  
A grave's one violet  
Your look?—that pays a thousand pains.  
What's death?—You love me yet!"

#### Journals of two Expeditions of Discovery in North-West and Western Australia, &c. By George Grey, Esq.

[Second Notice.]

THE expeditions of Mr. Grey have sufficed to prove, that the western side of the Australian continent is not the monotonous, inhospitable desert, which it has hitherto been supposed to be. Indeed, it appears to be nowise inferior to that part of the southern side, now roamed over by the flocks and herds of the colonists. It is not difficult to foresee the results of this discovery. Let us only consider the activity now reigning in Australia, and the bold exploratory spirit, which recent circumstances have awakened there. The temptation held out by the high price of cattle and other stock in the new settlements, has called into existence a numerous class of men, styled Overlanders, who, like the Farmers of North America, are quite at home in the wilderness, and whom no length of journey, nor difficulty of ground, can daunt.

We have already observed, that the stock-keepers of New South Wales, issuing from Bathurst plains, and the neighbourhood of Lake George, spread themselves far and wide over the interior. They crossed the river Murrumbidgee, and constantly advancing south-westwards over a fertile country, watered by numerous streams which run from the snowy mountains in the east to join the Murray, they at last arrived at Port Philip. A colony was quickly established there, but not before the luxuriant pastures of the adjoining interior were already covered with flocks and herds. Contemporaneously with the establishment of the colony in Port Philip (in 1836), a settlement was also made at Adelaide, in South Australia. But in the latter place, there was money without stock, while in the former, there was more stock than money. This was exactly the state of things requisite to transform the sauntering stock-farmer into the adventurous overlander. The distance of 400 miles separating the two colonies seemed a trifle, when seen conjointly with the realization of a large profit. In February, 1838, two expeditions started from Port Philip or its neighbourhood, for the capital of South Australia. Mr. Howdon reached his destination in two months, and Mr. Eyre, who keeping farther south, had got into an impassable country, arrived soon after. The success of these leaders, soon called into action a host of overlanders. The importance of the change which has thus taken place in the habits of the Australian stock-farmers, can hardly be overrated; no longer sedentary, they have become active and enterprising pastoral chiefs and merchants, capable of undertaking the longest journeys, surrounded by their sheep and cattle. Our author, sensibly alive to the interests of his province, (for he is now Governor of South Australia) dwells on this topic with evident pleasure; this shows itself in the following portraiture:—

"The Overlanders are nearly all men in the prime of youth, whose occupation it is to convey large herds

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of stock from market to market and from colony to colony. Urged on by the hope of profit, they have overcome difficulties of no ordinary kind, which have made the more timid and weak-hearted quail, and relinquish the enterprises in which they were engaged; whilst the resolute and undaunted have persevered, and the reward they have obtained is wealth, self-confidence in difficulties and dangers, and a fund of accurate information on many interesting points. Hence, almost every Overlander you meet is a remarkable man. The Overlanders are generally descended from good families, have received a liberal education, (Etonians and Oxonians are to be found amongst them,) and even at their first start in the colonies were possessed of what is considered an independence. Their grandfathers and fathers have been men distinguished in the land and sea service of their country; and these worthy scions of the ancient stock, finding no outlet for their enterprise and love of adventure at home, have sought it in a distant land; amongst them, therefore, is to be found a degree of polish and frankness, rarely to be looked for in such a mode of life, and in the distant desert you unexpectedly stumble on a finished gentleman. The life of an Overlander in the bush is one of great excitement, which constantly calls every energy into action, is full of romantic and novel situations, and habituates the mind to self-possession and command. The large and stately herd of cattle, is at least a fine, if not even an imposing sight. \* \* As the love of war, of gaming, or of any other species of violent excitement, grows upon the mind from indulgence, so does the love of roving grow upon the Overlanders, and few or none of them ever talk of leading a settled life."

The first entrance of an Overlander into a district, may be compared to the rising of the Nile on the thirsty land of Egypt. The earth then begins to give forth her increase. The price of land is immediately doubled; hope and energy revive; every nerve is strained in the competition to acquire some of the stock; and the Overlander, feasted and honoured as well as enriched, hastens off, eager to repeat so fortunate a speculation. The great scale on which these men, who risk their whole fortune in the wilderness, conduct their operations, seems at first sight hardly credible. When sheep alone are driven overland, the flocks number from 8,000 to 12,000. A single expedition has brought to Adelaide, sheep, horses and horned cattle to the amount of 14,000; and in fifteen months after the opening of this overland trade, the stock, including 60,000 sheep, carried by it into South Australia, exceeded in value 230,000.

In the progress of the stock-farmers from the Murrumbidgee to Port Philip, they crossed a diversified country, intersected by numerous streams flowing from high mountains (now named the Australian Alps) on their left or towards the east. As it was naturally to be presumed that the other side of those mountains was equally well watered, expeditions were set on foot to ascertain this fact, and the result has been the discovery of a maritime province of the fairest promise between the Australian Alps and the sea. The new province or Gipps's Land is not yet opened to settlers. The whole tract of country, adjoining the shores of the Australian continent, over which continuous routes have been made by the colonist with his cattle, has now an extent of not less than 1,500 miles, from Moreton Bay on the east, to Adelaide in the south. But indeed the efforts of the Overlanders have not quite stopped at the latter place. As soon as a settlement was made in Port Lincoln on the western side of Spencer's Gulf, sheep and cattle were sent thither from Adelaide by water. But the Overlanders, true to their calling as implied in their name, immediately set to work to explore the country round the head of that great gulf. Mr. Eyre penetrating about 400 miles northwards from Adelaide, discovered Lake Torrens, a very singular piece of water (if indeed the accounts given of it be not in some measure due to optical decep-

tion) encircling in a circumference of four or five hundred miles, the country at the head of Spencer's Gulf. Having reached Port Lincoln by land, Mr. Eyre then started to explore the coast westwards, and actually reached the head of the great Australian Bight, above 300 miles from Port Lincoln, or, according to his course throughout, above 1,200 miles from Adelaide, before his resources failed him. But the intrepid Overlander, though checked, was not defeated; he has renewed the attempt, and is now actually on his way from Port Lincoln to the Swan river.

If Mr. Eyre should succeed (and why should we doubt of his ultimate success?) in opening an overland communication between Western Australia and the other colonies further east, what an impulse will he not thereby give to the already adventurous Australian spirit? The advantage of such a communication will consist not merely in opening a new market for the pastoral produce of the eastern colonies, but the country traversed by the itinerant overlander, becomes gradually occupied by his sheep and cattle, and adds to his resources as fast as he explores it. And still further, if abundance of stock should flow into Western Australia through a newly discovered channel, what is to prevent its spreading northwards along the coast explored by Mr. Grey; ten gold-sized rivers between Perth and Shark's Bay, hold out the promise of extensive tracts of pasturage, on which the graziers will inevitably advance: so that it does not appear to us at all improbable that in a dozen years more, the stock-farmers of Western Australia may occupy Shark's Bay, and that a race of British Bedwins may range over the southern part of the Australian continent through an extent of 4,000 miles.

But why should we suppose the British race to be confined to the southern part of Australia? It has already established itself in the northern part also of that continent, and although struggling with the difficulties incidental to new colonies, it has had nevertheless satisfactory prognostics of future prosperity. The colony founded in Port Essington, on the northern coast of New Holland about four years ago, though devastated by a hurricane, still exists, and has already attained the immediate end for which it was founded, having become the regular halting place of the Malays who visit Torres Straits and the northern shores of New Holland, in large fleets, to fish for the trepang or sea-slug, which is esteemed a delicacy by the Chinese. These industrious people have begun to resort to Victoria, in Port Essington, to cure their fish and repair their nets in the tranquillity assured to them by the British flag. Respecting the natives on the northern shores of New Holland, they communicate much interesting information. The natives dwelling on the shores of the Gulf of Carpentaria appear from the accounts of the Malays to have made some progress in civilization. They have good canoes, trade with the islands in Torres Straits, and sometimes even make voyages in the Malay prows. The natives of the islands here referred to, have all seafaring habits, trafficking with New Guinea and the adjoining countries eastward to the New Hebrides. The Malays say also that in one part of the Gulf of Carpentaria, the water is quite fresh, whence it may be concluded that a large river there disembogues itself.

For commerce with the Indian Archipelago, the New Guinea group, and Polynesia, the situation of Victoria, in the splendid harbour of Port Essington, is unrivalled. The commerce in question is almost wholly in the hands of the Americans, who, being unfettered in their operations (the master of the vessel being generally owner also), go from island to island, and, adapting themselves to circumstances, carry on

a troublesome but extremely lucrative trade. The American traders are in a great many instances whalers also; they touch frequently on the southern shores of Australia, where the passion for the backwoodsman's life getting the better of them, they often desert their vessels and join the stock-farmers in the interior. The trade with the Indian islands, and perhaps with China, carried on in small vessels from Port Essington, will, we have no doubt, soon raise that place to great importance, and constitute it the centre of a flourishing group of colonies. The nature also of the trade to which we allude, might encourage the hope that some of our unemployed mechanics and manufacturers, who are utterly unfit for rural labours, would in such a situation find suitable employment.

We have heard the complaint that Port Essington is situate in a barren tract, and is ill supplied even with water. Without attempting to apologize for the sterility of the Coburg peninsula, or to contend against the exaggerations to which it gives rise, we shall merely observe, that a good harbour and commercial prosperity easily counterbalance every local disadvantage. We therefore repeat, that Victoria will, ere long, be one of our most flourishing settlements, and that the province connected with it will rapidly outstrip those on the southern side of the continent. If Coburg peninsula be sterile, yet it immediately adjoins land of the richest description. The Alligator rivers flow through a level alluvial tract; the two rivers so called are indeed but the mouths of one large river, from which they branch off about forty miles from the sea.\* A little further to the west, and about a hundred miles from Port Essington, is the river Adelaide, recently discovered by Captain Wickham. This noble stream may be ascended by merchantmen a distance of at least 60 miles, and flows through a level country of the richest appearance. A little further south-westwards is the Victoria river, also discovered by Captain Wickham, less than the preceding, but watering an equally luxuriant territory. Continuing our course still south-westwards, we at last come to Prince Regent's river, and the fine country watered by the river Glenelg, discovered by Captain Grey. It is needless to conjecture how much fertile territory lies between the Adelaide and Glenelg rivers; it is sufficient to have shown that there is a large extent of territory on the north-west side of New Holland possessing every desirable advantage of soil and situation, and it will be immediately apparent that if commerce takes root in Port Essington, those territorial advantages will not be long overlooked, but that the barren Coburg peninsula will quickly become a metropolis, surrounded at a little distance by cultivated fields and gardens.

If our predictions be verified; if the north and north-west coasts of New Holland be covered in a few years with flourishing commercial colonies; and if, as a consequence of the preceding, the colonial population shall creep also along the west and the north-east coasts, what a singular picture will the Australian continent then present—a desert within, while industry and civilization animate and adorn its coasts! It will bear some resemblance to Asia Minor in the best days of the ancient Greeks, or to the Arabian peninsula, though far exceeding both the one and the other, not only in magnitude (its circumference being not less than 3,000 miles) but also in variety of climate and pro-

\* This fact, which is not mentioned in the narrative of Captain King, we learned from the late Mr. Allan Cunningham, who was himself at the junction of the two rivers. In mentioning the name of this best of Australian travellers, we cannot avoid lamenting that his great merits obtained so little notice, and that none of the honours and rewards which are daily lavished on flashy pretenders, were ever offered to him.

ductions. The magnitude of the Australian continent is attended with one striking disadvantage, which is, the difficulty of overland communication; but let it be remarked that the invaluable animal, the camel, which patiently traverses the burning sands of Africa as well as the snows of central Asia, is yet to be introduced into Australia. Considering how perfectly that country seems adapted to the habits of the camel, and the zeal with which it is explored, it is surprising that the services of so useful an auxiliary should have been so long dispensed with. We have heard it alleged in explanation of this neglect, that the high price of camels, averaging 10*l.* a head at Bombay, with the cost of their freight, would make the introduction of them into Australia an expensive undertaking. But the fact is, that they ought not to be purchased at Bombay. The African coast, for some hundreds of miles south of Ras Hafoon, is covered with droves of camels, many thousands together, which are bought by the Arabs for a dollar or two a piece. Now, if an engagement were made with one of the Somály merchants frequenting Aden, to bring to a convenient part of the coast, at a given time, a sufficient number of young camels, at a cheap rate, and if one or two Somálys were hired to attend them, such a freight, we dare say, would be landed at Port Essington, without any immediate loss; but how can we sufficiently estimate the benefits which it would confer on Australia? The Somálys, it may be observed, themselves unite maritime and pastoral habits, and want only the knowledge of navigation to venture on the speculation which we here suggest.

The importance of Mr. Grey's discovery of a fine country near Prince Regent's River, depends not a little on the growth of the newly established northern colony, and we, it is evident, are not at all inclined to underrate it. We lament, however, that his discoveries in his first expedition were confined within such narrow limits, and that in both his expeditions his whole course exhibits nothing but a train of misfortunes; yet we are not surprised that such was the case. Enthusiasm and romantic imagination are bad guides in an unknown country, nor will reliance on Providence always make up for want of foresight. Providence is apt to leave those who trust in it to that consolation which our author so complacently enjoyed himself, but was unable to share with his unhappy followers. The religious disquisitions and speculations scattered through our author's volumes, give us no idea of the wakeful unbiased rationality and common sense requisite in a leader. Notwithstanding the tone of authority in which such sentiments are generally delivered, we do not hesitate to condemn them. Mingled as they are in his pages with bad grammar, they remind us, forcibly, of Mawworm's ex-trumpety effusions. This is not an age likely to tolerate a theology continually degenerating into demonology, which overturns the rule for the sake of establishing the exception, and denies the divine system and law under which the world is governed, while it pretends to detect the direct interference of the Deity in every petty adventure. But unfortunately it is not the untutored savage alone who

"Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind."

One of the oddest of Mr. Grey's speculations is that which propounds that the barbarism of the natives of Australia is of divine origin, or, in other words, that their laws and customs were revealed to them, and are, therefore, most divinely adapted to the savage life in which it was foreseen that those tribes would continue. We can hardly conceive the feebleness of reason and confusion of mind which could maintain such a doctrine. We should think it author capable of falling on his knees to worship a stock or

stone, a cow or a serpent. But our wonder is increased when we find that the same individual has the presumptuousness to think of overturning what is of divine origin, and seriously proposes to improve the Australian natives, by annulling their revealed laws. If Mr. Grey's religious speculations had been more enlightened, or more kept to himself, his volumes would have been free from their chief blemish, and it would have been more difficult to penetrate to the cause of the ill-luck which attended him in his travels.

#### OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

*Ferrers; a Romance of the Reign of George the Second*, by Charles Ollier, 3 vols.—There is no help for it! Through the State Trials and the Newgate Calendar the public must go for its amusement. Tyburn is now the Arcady of romancers; Fleet Ditch the sainted spring of their inspirations; and, taking higher flights, the most exalted heroine now to be hoped for is "the Chudleigh" of Horace Walpole's and Hannah More's letters, as she appeared on her memorable trial, with six maids in waiting. Be it less or more, the fame which Mr. Ollier gathered by his 'Inesilla,' is not likely to be increased by this his newest venture. It will be inferred from our preamble, that his subject appears to us badly chosen; and—we are sorry we cannot agree with our contemporaries—the execution is but indifferent. What though the tale begins with that terrible earthquake which frightened all Arlington Street out of town?—here not the most irritable nerve is shaken by the description. What though the enthusiastic Countess of Huntingdon and Saint Fanny Shirley (as the wit of Strawberry Hill loved to call her), and Whitfield—that poet of field preachers—are all announced as present in the story; we hear their names, but, like the robin in the song, "they wander about here and there," as innocent of humanity or mischief as the self-same bird. Of Lord Ferrers there was little to be made even by a Bulwer or a Balzac. A frantic profligate, terminating a selfish life by an unexplained crime, could not, however dexterously the sophistical prop of a motive were introduced, be presented so as to excite sympathy. Even his trial and its sequel, where a certain animal indifference stood in the place of that heroism which has enabled great men to meet an ignominious death calmly, pass over, as treated by Mr. Ollier, without our compassion being stirred or our pulse quickened. There is an anachronism, which, as occurring in a Romance of the Times of George the Second, is too droll to be overlooked. Miss Johnson, the daughter of the to-be-murdered steward, is made—like Desdemona—to sing on the evening of the catastrophe. The song is a description of a dance, and the dance is—Shade of Mrs. Cornelys!—a quadrille! On looking into this strange matter, we find, by a note, that the verses are not Mr. Ollier's own—but borrowed, to grace his romance, from a forthcoming poem by Lady Stepney.

*Jem Bunt*, by the Old Sailor.—A "yarn" which "drags its slow length along," is, among fictions, only one degree less a failure than a ghost story which mystifies nobody. Such a piece of tediousness, we are sorry to say, is 'Jem Bunt.' Nor is the pattern according to which the Old Sailor has wrought of the newest. The hero is a nameless boy, in whom the want of recognized parentage is compensated for by all the honest and generous qualities, which the novelists, by a strange moral perversion, now-a-days delight to assign, not merely as accidents, but as appendages to questionable birth and bad education. That so deserving a youth should be left without promotion and reward would argue a sad ignorance of the formulae of poetical justice—so that Jem Bunt's outset in life as a sweep was no dismay to us. From the first we foresaw that matters would turn out well; and were surprised that at the close of the story, we left him dignified with only a seat in the House of Commons. A peerage at least, was what we looked for. There is little more to be said concerning 'Jem Bunt': its slang is rapid, its characters without characteristics. Some of the illustrations, however, are clever;—in particular those by W. Lee.

*Moral Nature of Man*, by George Long.—"He

knew as much metaphysics as was ever yet known, that is to say, little or nothing about the matter." Is the satire less applicable now, than in the days of Zadig? Theories in mental and moral science seem to be set up like skittles, for the sake of being knocked down again. Paley and his pigeons have of late become fair game; Prof. Whewell took four long shots at them, and ruffled their feathers;—Prof. Sedgwick gave them a volley of small shot,—and Mr. Long has now taken the field. Mr. Long's avowed object is, to overthrow the selfish system of morals,—to demonstrate, as he says, the moral nature of man. Now we do not mean to enter into so hopeless and endless a controversy, but will simply ask, is this the question at issue? Does Paley, or do others, doubt man's moral nature more than his eating nature, or his drinking nature? Is not the question at issue between the parties—whether man has a special organization of faculties designed for moral perceptions exclusively, or are those perceptions received by his intellectual faculties?

*A Narrative of the Siege of Carlisle in 1644 and 1645*, by Isaac Tullie: now first printed; to which are added, a preface, &c. by Samuel Jefferson.—The very ancient appearance, both of the type and paper of this little volume, is certainly in accordance with its subject; and, which is also pleasant, the opinions of the editor exactly coincide with those of the writer. Master Isaac Tullie was a bold Cavalier, and Mr. Jefferson goes along with him, in denouncing the "great rebellion," crying up its "great historian Clarendon," and charging all the defacings of churches and cathedrals, together with the seven deadly sins, on those admirable scapegoats for all the mischief of three centuries, the Puritans. The narrative, although not presenting much of general interest, is to a certain degree valuable, from the minute details which private diaries mostly afford, and from the personal feeling and warm expression of the views of the day, which the account of an actor in the scenes he describes, always displays.

*An Introduction to English Grammar*, by H. Doherty.—The method may be new, but we cannot consider it an improvement.

*The Chess-Player's Chronicle*, Vol. I.—In addition to the usual report of games and problems, this work contains an account of the celebrated Automaton chess-player; Douce on the names of the chess-men; Sir Frederick Madden on the ancient chess-men found on the isle of Lewis; and other papers relating, more or less directly, to what chess-players delight to call "the noble game."

*List of New Books*.—Baxter's Agricultural Annual for 1842, with an Almanac, 12mo. 5*s.* 6*d.*—Hours with the Muses, by J. C. Prince, new edit. 12mo. 6*s.* cl.—Additional Plates to Whishaw's Railways of Great Britain, &c. 4*to.* 7*s.* 6*d.* cl.—Reeve's Conchologia Systematica, or Complete System of Conchology, 4*to.* Part III. 27 plates, 123 figures, 12*s.* plain, 21*s.* coloured.—Baldwin's Daily Journal, 1842, 4*s.* 6*d.*—Kearsley's Daily Ledger, 1842, 4*s.* 6*d.*—The Red Book of England, Court Calendar, and Court and City Register of England, Scotland, Ireland, and the Colonies for 1842, 12mo. 5*s.* 6*d.*—The Blue Belles of England, by Mrs. Trollope, 3 vols. post 8vo. 31*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Leeds Church Consecration Sermons, 8vo. 12*s.* cl.—Story's Commentaries on the Conflict of Laws, 2nd edit. royal 8vo. 24*s.* bds.—Liebig's Chemistry applied to Agriculture, &c. 12mo. 9*s.* 6*d.* cl.—Reddie's Historical View of Maritime Commerce, 8vo. 14*s.* cl.—Naturalist's Library, Vol. XXXIII. 'Exotic Moths,' 12mo. 6*s.* cl.—Plain Sermons, by Contributors to 'Tracts for the Times,' Vol. III. 8vo. 6*s.* 6*d.* cl.—Bishop Gray's Key to the Old Testament, 8vo. reduced to 10*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Bishop Gray and Percy's Key to the Bible, 8vo. reduced to 13*s.* cl.—Channing's Essays, 12mo. reduced to 4*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Channing's Discourses, 12mo. reduced to 6*s.* bds.—The Queen's Boudoir, a Musical Annual for 1842, 4*to.* 15*s.* bds.—Burton's Exempla Necessaria, new edit. 1 vol. 18mo. 2*s.* 6*d.* cl.—Six Plain Sermons, by Philalethes, 12mo. 2*s.* 6*d.* cl.—Rambles in Ceylon, by Lieut. De Butts, post 8vo. 10*s.* cl.—Glossary of Architecture, Part III. (Companion), 8vo. 16*s.* cl.—The Chemist, Vol. II. edited by J. C. Watt, 8vo. 7*s.* bds.—Patrick, Lowth, and Whitty's Commentary on the Old and New Testament, 4 vols. imp. 8vo. 4*l.* 10*s.* cl.—Whitty and Lowman's Commentary on the New Testament, 8vo. 11*s.* 6*s.* cl.—Scripture Scenes, with a map and 32 engravings, square 16mo. 5*s.* cl.—The Warning, 18mo. 2*s.* 6*d.* cl.—The Cottager's Monthly Visitor, 1841, 12mo. 4*s.* bds.—Hours in Norway, Poems, by R. M. Laing, 12mo. 5*s.* 6*d.* cl.—The Star in the East, by the Rev. G. Oliver, new edit. 6*s.* 6*d.* cl.—Church Architecture, with 270 illustrations, by the Rev. J. I. Pettit, 2 vols. 8vo. 36*s.* cl.—The English Constitution, by George Bowyer, post 8vo. 15*s.* cl.—Lockhart's Life of Scott, 1 vol. 8vo. 20*s.* cl.—Close's Family Prayers, new edit. royal 18mo. 1*s.* 6*d.* cl.—The Prophecy of Balaam, and other Poems, by H. Lane, 6*s.* cl.—Hitchcock's Elementary Geology, new edit. crown 8vo. 10*s.* cl.—Home Education, new edit. 6*s.* cl.—Robert and Frederick, a Novel, 6*s.* cl.—Christian Lady's Magazine, Vol. XVI. 6*s.* 7*s.* cl.



## OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

The scientific movement of the present century is making sad havoc with the proverbial philosophy of the last; and rarer and more rare is daily becoming such a development of the organ of veneration as should protect, in all its conservative purity, that respect for "the wisdom of our ancestors," which made it once extensively available as a watchword. Day after day is abstracting something from their time-honoured category of impossibilities; and any cockney may now "put up" one of the "black swans" of their dream-land, on the common highways of our working-day world. One of the most recent of these scientific attacks threatens to break up the popular faith in all assumptions having a better foundation than the supposed stability of Tenterden steeple. It was bad enough to build a lighthouse on the Goodwin Sands, tabooed as they had been by the ignorance of centuries, — recognized as the appropriate field of wild and fearful legend: but what must the old women of Kent think of the temerity which adopts them as the site of a Harbour of Refuge, recommending them as the most eligible spot for the accommodation of ships under stress of weather upon the southern and eastern coasts. Such is the startling proposition of a Capt. Bush, which he has fortified and authenticated by a patent. Amongst the deposits made with the clerk of the peace for the county of Kent, in conformity with the Standing Orders of Parliament, is one of the 30th of last month, consisting of a series of plans for the construction of such a place of shelter and safety upon the sands themselves, proposed to be found within Trinity Bay, in which the depth of water has been ascertained, by soundings at low water, to vary from fifteen to forty-eight feet. The plan embraces the channel across the sands known as the "Swathway," the average depth of water in which is about twenty-five feet. The pier will be constructed in a series of caissons, upon the same principle as the proposed foundation of the lighthouse intended to be placed with the first approach of spring on the North Calesper-Head of the Goodwin. The work, if successfully executed, will be one of the noblest triumphs of the age over a superstition, for the long acquiescence in the supposed unredemable character of these fatal shoals can have no better name; but if fable is thus to be profanely followed into all her haunts, the gossips have a very uncomfortable prospect of it; and we may expect to see Government, in some moment of enforced economy, chartering the "Flying Dutchman," as able to sail in the teeth of the wind without boilers.

Mr. Eastlake, who gave, as our readers will remember, interesting evidence before the Parliamentary Committee appointed to examine the question of the promotion of the Fine Arts in connexion with the rebuilding of the Houses of Parliament, has been appointed Secretary to the Commission charged with the same inquiry. — The Académie des Beaux Arts have just elected Mr. Cockerill, (Professor of Architecture at the Royal Academy,) a foreign member, in the room of the late M. Antolini, of Milan. We also learn from the *Quotidienne*, that the committee (see ante, p. 916) appointed to report on the models and designs offered for the tomb of Napoleon, began their labours by first reducing the competitors to 80, then to 19, and afterwards to 4, and at last decided, that not one ought to be accepted, recommending Government, at the same time, to propose a new competition on certain fixed principles. Thus, all the tendered models are rejected, and the Government has the subject again under consideration. We also learn from the Paris papers, that Mons. P. Delaroche, of whose great painting in the Hemicycle of the School of the Fine Arts we have given a lengthened account in another part of our paper of this day, is, it is said, to receive a testimonial of the national gratitude from that class of rewards unknown to the cultivators of the intellectual arts. — Letters from Rome, dated 10th Nov. mention, that "Johann Martin Von Wagner left this city the day before yesterday, to resume his functions as secretary to the Academy of the Fine Arts in Munich. Von Wagner's absence will be severely felt by all lovers of the fine arts here. He possesses valuable collections of books and prints, to which he allowed a ready access to all persons of taste; and his extensive knowledge of art, rendered his conversation interest-

ing and instructive, to all who had the good fortune to enjoy it. The Italians themselves regarded him as an oracle. It is expected, that in the ensuing spring, Thorwaldsen will quit Rome, never to return. The celebrated sculptor is suffering from a catarrhal complaint, which obliges him to keep within doors. He employed himself very much in making designs, which are remarkable for extraordinary beauty of composition. A series of his designs, in which the seven days of the week are represented by geni, are spoken of in terms of high encomium, by all who have seen them."

Mr. Catlin has this week added to his 'Indian Museum,' a model of the Falls of Niagara and the surrounding district. This model is not without interest to those who have no chance of looking on and listening to the mighty waters, for it conveys a good idea of the scene, and of the general locality, though, of course, it leaves the sublimity wholly to the imagination of the spectator.

Another visitor from the other side the Atlantic has also taken up his residence at the Egyptian Hall, and is about to astonish the Londoners with a very channel-house of Mastodons, Megatheriums, and other antediluvian monsters, all of whom appear to have been but "small deer," compared to his Missouri Leviathan, the skeleton of which measures thirty-two feet in length, and fifteen in height! The tusks of this animal are ten feet in length, exclusive of one foot three inches, which forms the root, and was concealed in the skull! These bones were found on the shores of one of the tributaries of the Osage river, in the state of Missouri. We must leave it to Professor Owen, and other learned osteologists, to report further on the subject.

## DIORAMA, REGENT'S PARK.

Will be CLOSED, for the Winter Season, on FRIDAY, the 31st inst. THE TWO NEW PICTURES now exhibiting, represent the Interior of the CATHEDRAL OF AUCH, in the South of France, and the SHRINE OF THE NATIVITY, at Bethlehem, taken from a sketch made on the spot by D. Roberts, R.A., in 1839, with various effects of light and shade. Both Pictures are painted by M. Renoux. Open from Ten till Four.

## PROVERB versus PROVERB, on SAW AND SEE-SAW.

ALTHOUGH proverbs are *saws*, I think it will be admitted that they ought not to be *see-saws*, or *saws* which cut both ways, and (as far as they are rules of human life) lay down clashing principles, and lead to conflicting lines of conduct. Although all men are not stuffed with proverbs like Panza the First, King of Barataria, most men have a few favourite ones, and are considerably, though sometimes unconsciously, influenced by them. Care should therefore be taken in framing a code of morality or prudence out of these antique materials, that its laws should be rather more distinct and consistent with each other than the laws of England. Saws that cut both ways are not wise saws; at least some understanding ought to be come to as to which side of the maxim the truth is to be found at.

Let us begin our illustrations with "Out of the frying-pan into the fire," which originated, we must suppose, with certain foolish cels, who with all their experience of hot situations, were not so used to the pan as to feel themselves comfortable in it, and, in their impetuosity to leave it, sprang into the burning coals themselves. Now this was of course an indiscretion in the said cels; not that they forgot the proverb "Let well alone," for it was anything but *well* to be fried alive as they were, not being consenting parties thereto, as the lawyers say: but let us put the case that these unfortunate fishes had heard, marked, learned, and inwardly digested a saying which is in men's mouths every day, namely that "when things are at the worst, they mend;" might not they, or their descendants, fairly justify thereby the fatal leap from the hot pan into the hotter fire, and argue that they took it with their eyes open, confidently expecting that when things were at the hottest they might be expected to cool? There is reason to think that men as well as eels have "leaped from the frying pan into the fire," on the principle that they must be worse in order to be better, for "when things are at their worst, they mend."

The proverb "Let well alone," above incidentally quoted, is itself to some degree a source of error, for it seems to lay down that nothing is to be "let alone" but what is "well." This inference is certainly not a logical one, but it is not the less likely to be drawn on that account. The truth is, that there is a large

class of cases in which "let *ill* alone" would be as wise a saw as "let *well* alone." *Ill* is better than *worse*, and is always to be "let alone," when it is impossible to remove to *better*. "Let *ill* alone" would have met the case of the cels to a turn. To be sure they would probably have been fried and eaten all the same; but then they would not have entailed on their race for ever a proverbial reputation for indiscretion.

We are not going to repeat the well-known repartee to the adage "The early bird gets the worm," but we would fain ask, whether it be perfectly reconcilable with "Better last at a feast than first at a fry." We recommend the former proverb to birds, and the latter to worms. Here the feast and fry are one and the same thing, like the banquet of the Centaurs and Lapithæ, and the wisdom of the worm is to keep snug in his hole.

"In the multitude of counsellors there is safety;" but let the council be held in a kitchen and the proverb is at fault, being flatly contradicted by "Many cooks spoil the broth."

"Shutting the stable after the steed is stolen" is a sneer not very consistent with "Better late than never," and the Scotch adage "Better an wit bought nor twa for naught."

"Take care of the pence, let the pounds take care of themselves." May not this be "penny-wise and pound-foolish," the error of all cheese-paring, pippin-squeezing financiers, from Chancellors of the Exchequer downwards?

One of Poor Richard's best sayings is this—"If you would have your business done, go yourself; if not, send another." But beware of extending this to law-business, for it is also written—"The man who is his own lawyer has a fool for his client."

"The d—l's luck to you" is a proverbial wish amongst the common people, when they bear an ill-will; yet when the best fortune imaginable befalls a man, he is proverbially called a lucky "d—l."

"A wonder lasts but nine days;" nevertheless the seven wonders of the world have lasted the same number of centuries, and there is the Annus Mirabilis, which must have lasted 365 days at least, and 366 if it was leap year.

"Slow and sure" says a profane adage;—"That which thou doest, do quickly," says a divine one.

We are cautioned against having "too many irons in the fire," yet we are admonished to have "more than one string to our bow."

"Honesty is the best policy;" notwithstanding which we hear every moment of "politic knaves." The phrase ought surely to be "impolitic knave," if "honesty be the best policy."

Again we are warned against being misled by appearances and outward show: but let us meet a worthy man in a knave's company, the first observation is—"Nascitur à sociis"—or "Tell me what company you keep, and I will tell you what you are."

By the bye, did anybody ever know a charitable application made of the proverb last quoted? When roguery is found in honest society, or a block-head met walking arm in arm with a sage, did you ever hear the "nascitur à sociis" applied? I never did. The adage might prove fatal to a Johnson: but is never of the slightest service to a Boswell. A Pistol, a Thersites, a Parolles, or a Bully Back, never gains heroic repute by a casual association with a Fluellen, or an Ulysses; but an Ulysses or a Fluellen would run no small risk of losing all military glory, were he seen at the same mess with any of these pinks of cowardice. Is this "measure for measure"?

"Welcome is the best cheer." Pray accommodate this to "Fair words butter no parsnips!" I take the latter proverb to be far the sounder of the two; at least I trust it will ever be deepest impressed upon the minds of all Amphitryons. Welcome is very good in its way, but it is not, nor ever will be, a turbot, or a saddle of mutton, or a glass of wine, aye or so much as—butter for parsnips!

There is just now before me an old collection of the proverbs of several nations, and I find in immediate juxtaposition, maxims which seem to pull quite different ways, like cross-grained dogs in the same leash. "Harm watch, harm catch," is followed by "Provide for the worst, and the best will provide for itself." Reprove others, but correct yourself," is succeeded by "Once a knave, and ever a knave;" "He who will thrive, must rise at five," by "More haste,

worse speed," and "Stay awhile, that we may make an end the sooner." We read that "Idleness is the mother of mischief," and directly after meet "Anything for a quiet life!"

There ought to be held a general council or congress of the wise men of Europe, to revise, harmonize, and codify proverbs. As things are at present, one might as well follow a Will-o'-the-wisp, as shape his course by these most flickering and uncertain lights.

Let us imagine a dialogue between Tom the father and Jack the son, on the subject of early rising.

"Leap up, Jack," cries the sire. "The early bird gets the worm."

Jack answers—"Look before you leap, father."

Tom replies—"He that would thrive, must rise at five."

The son rejoins—

"A thousand pounds, and a bottle of hay,  
Will all be one at doom's day."

The father meets him with—"Better die poor than live poor, my son."

"True," observes sleepy Jack, "but enough's as good as a feast."

"Use legs and have legs," cries Tom.

"The d—l's a busy bishop," answers Jack, "as they say in Scotland."

"Early to bed, and early to rise,

Makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise."

"You forget," replies the sluggard, "that a rolling stone gathers no moss."

"You ought to remember," rebuts the industrious father, "that procrastination is the thief of time."

Jack is ready with another Scotch proverb—"Fools are fain of flitting."

"No advice equal to a father's," observes thrifty Thomas, his quiver nearly spent.

"There I have you on the hip, again, concludes the son, for they say in Spain—"There's a fig at Rome for him who gives another advice before he asks for it." And, having so said, Tom goes to sleep again. S.

#### THE NIGER EXPEDITION.

Accounts up to the 1st of October have been received since our last publication. They are most melancholy—the mortality and sickness have been dreadful. It is strange that the black men suffered first, and have suffered most—although of the Europeans on board the *Wilberforce*, about fifty in number, not more than half a dozen were, it is said, able to attend to their duties when the *Soudan* left. One account states that "at the time the *Soudan* left, the expedition had reached the confluence of the Niger and Chadda, about 270 miles up the river, but it was feared that from the lamentable condition in which it was placed by the sickness and the increasing mortality among the officers and men, it would be compelled to return to Ascension. Among the victims to the climate previous to the *Soudan's* leaving her consorts was Assistant-Surgeon Nightingale, of the *Albert*; and during her passage on her return from Attah to the mouth of the river, she lost her own surgeon, Mr. W. B. Marshall, and one of her men. When she arrived at the entrance of the river she fell in with Her Majesty's ship *Dolphin*, and put her sick on board that vessel, to be conveyed to Ascension, eight of whom, however, died previous to the *Dolphin's* reaching that place. Mr. Walter, the clerk of the *Soudan*, was so ill that he could not be removed on board the *Dolphin*, and it was not expected he would survive many hours; all prospect of his recovery was perfectly hopeless. Captain Bird Allen, of the *Soudan*, did not come down the river with her, but joined the *Albert*, being anxious to accompany the expedition to the extent of its researches. All her officers and men were sick. The *Albert* was about to proceed up the Niger, and the *Wilberforce* up the Chadda, while the *Amelia* schooner was to remain at Mount Stirling, where the farm is to be established, and where the tent lately used at the Eglintown tournament had already been pitched. The natives were very friendly; at Eboc, a town containing 8,000 or 9,000 inhabitants, several of the officers went on shore, the natives crowding to see them. At the Queen's palace they were received by her sable Majesty, who was squatted at the door surrounded by her ladies, the principal of whom were decorated with heavy ivory anklets, weighing from

eight to ten pounds each. They seemed much pleased with the visit, and laughed immoderately, and in return for some little trinkets given by the officers, her Majesty presented them with a fowl and some Goora nuts, the bestowal of which is considered highly complimentary there. The King of Eboc went on board the *Wilberforce*, accompanied by his son and the interpreter, and others of his suite. A bottle of port wine was placed before him, which he did not pass round to any of his attendants, but drank it all himself, and then gave a broad hint, which, however, was not taken, for some grog. The King of Attah was more dignified, and upon the Commissioners waiting upon him he told them he was perfectly aware that they were the subjects of a sovereign to whom they paid every respect, and he should expect the same respect paid to him. He should not go on board, because he considered he was entitled to as much attention as their own sovereign. He said they might have the command of the water, but he had the command of the land. He looked with perfect indifference on the elegant and valuable presents of velvet robes trimmed with gold, but seemed much taken with the spectacles worn by the chaplain, and gladly accepted several pairs that were given him. He, as well as the King of Eboc, entered most willingly into all the arrangements of the Commissioners, and they both expressed their desire that their subjects should be instructed. He sold them the land at Mount Stirling, where they intend to establish the settlement, which he said was just within the extent of his dominions."

Another account which has appeared in the *Hampshire Telegraph*, states—"The *Horatio* transport has arrived with invalids from the African squadron. She brings sad accounts of the disastrous effects of the climate on the crews composing the Niger Expedition, no less than one-third of them having invalided, of whom about 22 have died. The *Soudan*, on quitting the Nun River, with 36 invalids on board, fell in with the *Dolphin*, and transferred them to that ship. Eight of these died on board the *Dolphin*; and with the remainder she proceeded to Ascension, where they were put on board the *Horatio*, and have returned home. The havoc made by the climate on the crews had greatly disheartened the Expedition, and it was considered doubtful whether it could proceed."

The following is an extract from a letter, dated Mount Stirling, close to the confluence of the Niger and the Chadda, September 18, 1841.

"The pestilence has broken out; 50 or 60 are ill in the squadron; 10 or 12 have died, and many more will die, I fear. The *Soudan* takes the sick out of the river; the *Wilberforce* goes up the Chadda; the *Albert*, with Captain Trotter and Captain Bird Allen, goes up the Niger. Mr. Horatio Collman, acting-assistant-surgeon of the *Soudan*, is left in the medical charge of the *Amelia* and the settlement which is forming on shore here under Mr. Carr by the society."

These accounts are sad indeed, and the result inexplicable. We know that since the abolition of the slave trade, a legitimate trade has grown up and been carried on with the west coast of Africa, which has for years given employment to from 10,000 to 15,000 tons of British shipping—a trade admitted by all parties to have been most prosperous and profitable. The value of the palm oil alone produced and manufactured on the Niger, and shipped from its Delta, was estimated by Mr. Jamieson at 350,000*l.* (see *Athen.* No. 673). Yet here is an Expedition fitted out by government, at the enormous cost of probably little less than 80 or 100,000*l.*, and before it can even once ascend that river, the mortality is so dreadful, that it is doubtful whether it must not return. We do not forget, though unwilling at the time to say a word of discouragement, that when the Expedition was projected, it was, we were told, to sail in November or December, that it might ascend the river in April, when the banks are comparatively dry, and the Delta least unhealthy. The Expedition however did not sail for months after the period named, and has ascended the river in August, when the Delta is most unhealthy! Again, it was obviously desirable that the Expedition should hurry through the Delta; yet the steam-boats, built expressly for the service, could only, as we are informed, make way at the rate of about three miles an hour—that is to say, the

current runs about three miles, and the rate of the steam-boats is about six miles: and the commander thought it prudent to stop midway, because it was Sunday. On this subject the account in the *Hampshire Telegraph* contains some interesting particulars. "The steamers entered the river on the 13th August. The vessels, with the *Amelia* tender, did not do more than about a dozen miles, until the 20th, on which day they did about 30; the 21st, 30 miles more; the 22nd, being Sunday, they rested; the 23rd was wasted in looking after the *Wilberforce*, which had gone up (without Captain Trotter's knowledge) by a different channel. The 24th they did 20 miles; the 25th, 25 miles; and on the evening of the 26th they all four arrived at the island of Eboc, 130 miles up the river, according to its course. The river here is about 200 yards wide, and of good depth, the banks to the water's edge covered with vegetation, with the cotton, umbrella palm, bamboo, and many other trees of the kind. The depth of water varies from 13 fathoms down to very shallow indeed, the current against them going up about two miles an hour. Thus far up the river its width varies from 100 yards to a mile and a half. The next 30 or 40 miles they saw but few huts. The next 30 or 40 miles they passed several villages, then (for some miles) fewer inhabitants again, and latterly none."

#### DELAROCHE'S PICTURE AT THE PALACE OF THE FINE ARTS.

THE attention of the lovers of art in Paris has long been excited by reports which have, from time to time, reached them of the remarkable character of the painting with which M. P. Delaroche has been occupied in covering the walls of the Hemicycle, appropriated to the distribution of the prizes, at the Palace of the Fine Arts:—and, on the first of the present month, their impatience was gratified by the opening of its exhibition to the public. All the organs by which Criticism speaks, in matters of art in France, have, so far as we have seen, but one language in describing this great work; and the people seem to persuade themselves that the works of Cornelius and Schnorr, at Munich, have been excelled by this production of their native school. The subject has considerable interest for ourselves, at a time when the question of fresco painting is in serious discussion amongst us, with a view to its adoption, on a great scale, in the embellishment of our own public buildings:—and, in default of a personal inspection of this remarkable work, we will avail ourselves of the opinions and language of M. Delécluse, the critical authority, in our opinion, most to be depended on in such matters in France—for the purpose of giving some account of it to our readers.

"Following," says M. Delécluse, "the axis of the palace of the Fine Arts, and on reaching the third and last court, the visitor enters beneath a narrow peristyle,—at whose two extremities are steps, leading, by two several entrances, into a semi-circular hall, appointed for the distribution of the rewards conferred upon the pupils in painting, architecture, sculpture, and engraving. The Professor's place is along the diameter of the hall; and the pupils are ranged on semicircular benches concentric with the walls of the hemicycle, and receiving the daylight through an opening in the centre of the demi-cupola. Above the highest row of these benches extends the wall, which, almost from that line to the commencement of the vault, is the field occupied by M. P. Delaroche's picture."

"In my anxiety fully to convey the impression made upon me by the *ensemble* of this work, I must say that it is the first time that I have ever been able, in France, fully, and at my ease, to see, feel, and appreciate a great work of painting. Not to speak, just now, of the artist's peculiar merits, and looking at his work only in relation to its observance of the great material *fitnesses* and *conformity* so indispensable to the full development of art, I can affirm that so successfully have they been here respected and employed, that perhaps nowhere, even in Italy, is there to be found a monumental painting so well lighted, so perfectly seen, and in which the proportions of the pictured canvas, as well as that of its figures, are in such perfect harmony with the capacity and ornaments of the hall which they embellish. In effect, the size of the hemicycle being rigorously defined, the point of distance was in a

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manner prescribed, and the point of view offered itself naturally to the eye—so that an enlightened artist could not be mistaken as to the fit dimensions to give his figures, while the semi-circular field of his composition suggested the propriety of multiplying his points of vision, as in a panorama. These scientific difficulties, the secret of which the public will not understand, but which, nevertheless, are to be surmounted by the artist who aims at pleasing them, have been most happily overcome by M. P. Delaroche, who, by consummate art, has communicated an aspect and arrangement of the greatest simplicity to his composition—covering a space of fifteen metres in width, by from four to five in height, and comprising seventy-four figures, those of the first scale being a third larger than life. The following are the disposition and idea of this great work.

"In the centre of the composition, before an edifice of the Ionic order, flung somewhat back, rises a kind of throne or tribunal, on which is seated the painter Apelles, having on his right-hand the architect Ictinus, and on his left the sculptor Phidias. These nearly naked personages have the lower portion of the body covered with mantles. Their attitudes and physiognomies are grave, and, from the distant position which they occupy, the three seem to preside silently over the numerous assemblage that spreads on either hand.

"In advance of the tribunal on which these three great masters of antiquity are seated, are placed, at the four corners of the foreground of the tribunal, four allegorical female figures, representing respectively Greek Art, Roman Art, Art in the Middle Ages, and Art at the Renaissance (revival). The first of these is remarkable for her elegant simplicity; the second, by her attitude, seems to offer some allusion to the noble but severe portraits in which Roman Art excelled. Art in the Middle Ages is known by her constrained and mystic air, and the richness of her garments, which leave visible of the human figure only its face and finger-ends; while the muse of the Renaissance, half-naked, with her gay floating draperies and gesture, contrasting, by its freedom, with the stiffness of her neighbours, explains how Art was understood and loved by the great Italian masters.

"The three great artists of antiquity and four Muses, constitute, with one other figure, of which I reserve the description for the present, the mythological or poetical portion of the composition. On the group which they form the eye first falls and pauses. But so soon as their meaning has been seized, the glance of the spectator passes on, to the right or left, as it may happen to be attracted. I will begin with the latter.

"At the foot of the tribunal, on the side where sits the architect of the Parthenon, Ictinus, are seen the sculptors. Near Puget are Germain Pillon and John of Bologna; behind, is the grave face of Bernard Palissy, and, further on, Benvenuto Cellini, walking alone, and looking with an air of insolence on his rivals. Pierre Bontemps, the author of the sculptures that adorn the tomb of Francis the First, and Jean Goujon, so famous for his great works at the Louvre and the Fountain of Innocents, form the link that unites the school of the Renaissance in France with the great Italian statuary of the same period. Baccio Bandanelli and Benedetto da Maiano, seated near each other, group with Peter Fischer, the celebrated German artist. But all this company of celebrated statuary seems dominated by four personages, to whom the painter has given an importance in his composition, representing that which they actually had as sculptors. These are, Donatello, who chiselled the Judith at Florence, conversing with Ghiberti, the artist of the famous gates to the Baptistery, in the same city, in the presence of Luca della Robbia, sculptor in enamel, and Andrea Pisano, who redeemed the art of painting from the Gothic track, to replace it on the path where it had been left by the ancients.

"Following still to the left, this assemblage of statuary is succeeded by that of the painters who have more especially looked at their art on its seductive side. Here are assembled and grouped with extraordinary effect, Claude de Lorraine, Terburg, Ruysdael, Gaspar Poussin, and Paul Potter. Rubens, seated, and betraying in his attitude the double importance which belonged to him as an artist and an ambassador, is, as well as his pupil Vandyke, listen-

ing to Titian, who stands before them, and seems to be expatiating on the secrets of his art. At this conference, too, are present Paul Veronese, Michael-Angelo de Caravaggio, Velasquez, and Murillo. Van Eyck and Bellini, the one the founder of the German school, the other the first great colourist of the Venetian, seem listening attentively—as does also Correggio, placed at the extremity of the picture—whilst in front are Antonio de Messina, who introduced the process of oil-painting into Italy, and Giorgione, whose bravo-look exhibits the singular contrast that existed between the turbulence of his spirit and the repose and beauty of his works.

"Glancing back towards the tribunal, and passing thence to the right of the picture, the celebrated architects are seen assembled beneath the figure of Phidias. The principal group of these artists is composed of Brunelleschi, Bramante, and Balthazar Peruzzi; around whom are seated Robert de Luzarches and Arnolfo di Lupo, who laid the foundations about the same time, 1220, one of the Cathedral of Amiens, and the other of that of Florence. Erwier, of Steinbach, the architect of the church of Strasbourg, is grouped with Sansovino, Vignole, and Palladio; and on another plane are the three great French architects, Philibert Delorme, Pierre Lescot, and Mansard. The painter should have added Inigo Jones, the great English architect. [M. Décluse, as well as M. Delaroche, seems to have forgotten that there was such a person as Sir Christopher Wren.]

"The fourth portion of the composition, which occupies the extremity of the picture, to the spectator's right, is consecrated to those other painters, who, by the elevation and purity of their style, as well as the depth and brilliancy of their thoughts, have treated painting as the legitimate sister of poetry. Leonardo da Vinci, profound in theory and practice, and now an old man, sits conversing with Raphael, who stands near. The painter of the *Stanza* listens with respect to the learned master, but with a look which expresses that his young rival has ideas and an opinion of his own. Fronting them is Fra Bartolomeo, the friend of Savonarola, in his Dominican's habit, also listening to Leonardo; and not far from him are Perugino, Albert Durer, Andrea del Sarto, Holbein, Giulio Romano, Sebastian del Piombo, Domenichino, and Eustache Lesueur. A little removed, and nearer to the tribunal, are seen the Chevalier Mantegna, John of Fiesole, the precursor of Raphael, Andrea Orcagna, painter and architect, and finally Giotto and Cimabue, the two founders of the school in painting of the Renaissance in Italy. Returning towards the group of Leonardo da Vinci and Raphael, above whom peers the simple and spiritual physiognomy of Masaccio—recognizable by his little yellow cap is seen Michael-Angelo, seated and solitary amid all that multitude. Wrapped up in himself, the painter of the Sistine, the sculptor of the Day and Night, the architect of St. Peter's, seems engrossed with the theory and practice of the three arts in which he has immortalized himself, opening up a path on which all his imitators have been lost. The last important figure which closes the composition on this side of the picture, is that of Nicholas Poussin. Erect, and clad in black, the great French artist, placed at a little distance from Leonardo, Raphael, and Michael-Angelo, stands aloof, seeming to look on all that crowd which fills the hall with a steady but benevolent gaze. Two engravers figure amid this selection of painters—Edelink and Marco-Antonio.

"To sum, then, in a few words, the *ensemble* of this vast composition:—after repeating that, in advance of the three great artists of antiquity, Apelles, Ictinus, and Phidias, are four figures of women, representing the four cardinal periods of art, and that M. Delaroche has placed the Architects on the right and the Sculptors on the left,—while the Painters, divided into two sections, are grouped, the one division on the right hand, surrounding Leonardo da Vinci, Raphael, Michael-Angelo, and Poussin, the other, on the left, in company with Titian, Rubens, Rembrandt, and Velasquez."—[Would not M. Décluse have better described the intention of the artist in these divisions, by calling the one group that of the masters of *form*, and the other that of the great *colourists*?]—I have but to describe the last figure, which, like the key-stone of an arch, closes, com-

pletes, and gives its meaning to the entire composition. In the centre of the picture, in advance of the four allegorical figures, and not far from the lower edge of the painting, is a young woman, kneeling, having near her a heap of crowns, one of which she is in the act of grasping, for the purpose of flinging it out of the picture into the midst of the spectators. The subject designed and executed by M. Delaroche is, then, that of an ideal distribution of prizes to modern artists, made amid a congress of all the great masters in art, from every country and of every time, from the age of Pericles down to that of Louis the Thirteenth and Fourteenth.

"But it would be difficult to convey any impression, in words, of the art with which the painter has managed to combine, at once to the mind and to the eye, the five great divisions of this scene, as well as the multitude of groups, which, while they offer variety in the lines and in the subordinate parts, preserve a remarkable unity,—presenting one simple, calm, and majestic whole, whose intention the mind grasps at once, while curiosity and attention are, at the same time, excited in the very highest degree.

"In a work like this, on which it has been the purpose of M. Delaroche to impress all the characters of gravity befitting a monumental picture, he has lighted his scene in the simplest and happiest manner. Profiting by the opening in the hemicycle, he has so disposed his lights and projected his shadows, as if all his personages were actually exhibited in that natural day; from which arrangement, it results, that the distribution of the daylight in the cupola itself, and over all its details, is in strict harmony with the modelling of the figures that are ranged in semi-circle over the picture. This arrangement, so happily planned and skilfully executed by the artist, takes from his composition all appearance of those artificial effects so little suitable to works of a severe and lofty style of treatment. The ground on which the various personages are spread receives a nearly equal illumination over all its surface; while the lights decline somewhat abruptly on the figures, whose vertical position forms a very acute angle with the rays from the cupola. It is then,—as should always be the case in a serious picture,—by its subject, the disposition of its figures, and the arrangement of its lines, that this work of M. Delaroche speaks first to the eye and understanding of the spectator; while the colouring is but an accessory, with which the artist has augmented the reality of his whole and its details,—heightening the pleasure of thought by the additional charm of material illusion.

"The stumbling-block presented by a subject like this, at once fantastic and real, positive and allegorical, was the abuse which the artist was liable to make of his own genius. M. Delaroche has, however, just shown, that he possesses that quality in abundance, without introducing more of its necessary seasoning into his work than just what was sufficient for its purpose. It is by attitude and by the character and expression that he has characterized each of his personages, rather than by the relations which he has established between them. The greater number converse, or listen, in *contemporary* groups; and when amongst such are, occasionally, introduced the actors of a former day, the painter has been careful either to fix them on a more distant plane, or to assign them a place in the group separate and apart. The central portion of the composition, in which are assembled the three great masters of antiquity, the muses of the four grand artistic epochs, and the young woman distributing crowns, is treated, in its unity, in a grave and elevated style; and the painter, in its execution, seems to have been filled with the best inspiration of the ancient Greek school. On the left of the tribunal, where the sculptors are assembled, and on its right, reserved for the architects, the artist has made a striking exhibition of the nature and ease with which he could throw together men of different countries and times familiarly conversing with one another. And, finally, in the group in which figure Titian, Rubens, and Rembrandt, surrounded by the body of the great colourists, there is a freedom in the lines, an independence in the movements, and a brilliancy in the flesh-tints and in the richness of the garments, which contrast in a manner at once the most *piquante* and appropriate with the group on the other side, composed of the first great masters of the art of

painting, Masaccio, Leonardo da Vinci, Raphael, Michael-Angelo, Nicolas Poussin, and Lesueur.

"In comparing the large and imposing style in which these latter figures are treated, with the more humble, and, at times, even familiar manner that M. Delaroche has chosen for the representation of secondary personages—secondary, at least, in his composition—as the group of Mansard, for instance, and the sculptors with whom he is quietly conversing, the critic is struck by the number and diversity of the methods employed to shed life and variety over this composition, comprising, as has been said, seventy-four personages. In this respect, if there were no other, the work of M. Delaroche would furnish the proof of his versatility of talent, which has led him through all the degrees and all the modes of art, from the simple and familiar, to the loftiest manner and most elevated style.

"After having gazed on this picture with admiration for upwards of two hours, that admiration was still further increased by the perception of the harmony which reigns between the painting and the hall which it adorns. The basement beneath the picture is painted a deep reddish-brown. The centre of this composition, where the tribunal stands, is backed by a monument of the Ionic order, designed by the painter; and at the two horns of the picture, where Rubens on the one side, and Leonardo da Vinci on the other, are placed, the two groups detach themselves from a sky of blue. Above the composition, which presents the aspect of an immense circular frieze, rises the graceful demi-cupola, the colour of whose stone, sprinkled with light ornaments of gold, gently defines the upper boundary of the composition. Honour to both painter and architect, Delaroche and Duban, who have so successfully mingled their thoughts and labours in this graceful union of architecture and painting—two noble sisters, whom so many artists seem as if they laboured to estrange! The public may see, in this new work of M. Delaroche, that, in the matter of monumental painting, unity of intention, composition, and execution, is the first thing to be studied; and that a fraternity of thought between the architect and the painter, is the only solid foundation for great enterprises like the present."

#### MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

SAT.	Westminster Medical Society.....	Eight, P.M.
MOS.	Geographical Society.....	1 p. Eight.
TUE.	Royal Academy ( <i>Anatom. Lect.</i> ).....	1 p. Eight.
WED.	Zoological Society ( <i>Sci. Ess.</i> ).....	1 p. Eight.
THUR.	Geological Society.....	1 p. Eight.
	Royal Society.....	1 p. Eight.

#### MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

*Miss Fanny Russell's Concert.*—The first entertainments of the season can hardly fail to find their account in the freshened spirits of the critic, who, be he ever so catholic, cannot (unless he be not *man*, but *machine*) bring the same ears to an August as to a February entertainment. Thus, Miss Fanny Russell's concert was peculiarly agreeable to us. In some respects it was very good—a concert with an orchestra and chorus, essentials too much forgotten of late—the call for which must revive; as it is impossible that songs and concertos, with pianoforte accompaniment, can satisfy the public many seasons longer. We only regret that such good means should be so neutralized in their employment; as was done by making them contribute to the old theatrical medley of a morsel of Handel and a comic song—here an excerpt from 'The Messiah'—there a rondo from 'La Donna del Lago.' Every such instance of want of judgment, is another obstacle thrown in the way of Music in England, and therefore of the English musician. Let the latter look to it, and seek out a remedy, in place of spending his energies in the aimless and unjust lamentations which of late have been too much the fashion among us. A like error in taste was made by the concert-giver when she chose difficult and familiar Italian *bravuras* for her *début*. She sung 'With verdure clad' so very nicely, both as to tone, time, and finish, that we can the less excuse her grasping at Grisi's possessions, without Grisi's means and requirements. Thus, too, it is a mistake in Miss Birch—beautiful as is her voice, and flexible her execution—to strive after the *cabaletti* of Rossini and Bellini. She has neither the Italian *bocca*, the Italian style, nor the Italian

articulation; and hence her attempt at the *finale* from 'La Donna del Lago,' was a failure. Miss Hawes sung and said Handel's 'Holy, holy,' excellently: but why, seeing that she took it in its original key, did she not also follow Mr. Shaw's example in taking the original Italian words? As the air stands in the opera, it is one of the most passionate breathings of love which exists; neither has Time nor Tradition reconciled us to the metamorphose under which it figures as a sacred hymn;—in the second part, the discord between words and music has ever pained us. Messrs. Phillips, Horncastle, Young, and J. Parry, were the principal gentlemen who appeared: Miss Geary played a pianoforte Fantasia, and Mr. Blagrove a violin Concerto. The chorus was contributed by the Professional Choral Society, and did its work admirably.

COVENT GARDEN.—The attraction of Miss Kemble has rather increased than diminished, as houses crowded to the ceiling, on the nights of her performance, testify. 'Charles the Twelfth' has been revived as an afterpiece to 'Norma,' and it was pleasant to see again one of the chastest pieces of acting in the list of Farren's personations; Bartley is a hearty *Adam Brock*, and Madame Vestris sings that hackneyed ditty, 'Rise, gentle Moon,' in a style that gives it freshness and beauty. A lively and pretty divertissement, entitled 'The Wooden Leg,' makes an agreeable interlude, and, besides the usual varieties of the dance, introduces some comic dancing by T. Ridgway, who gives a foretaste of his qualifications for playing the Clown in the forthcoming Christmas pantomime, of 'Harlequin Guy Earl of Warwick, or the Dun Cow.'

HAYMARKET.—Mr. Macready played here for the last time, this week, the engagement between him and Mr. Webster having been prematurely dissolved, to enable him to give his exclusive attention to his duties as manager of Drury Lane. The Haymarket manager is now playing 'A Cure for the Heart-Ache,' and other old comedies, previous to the commencement of the engagement of Mr. C. Kean and Miss E. Tree.

THE DRURY LANE bills are already out, announcing a play of Shakespeare, and a comic pantomime, for the Christmas opening; and the theatre is filled with workmen decorating the interior anew. Of the company but little is known as yet; it includes, however, an operatic as well as a tragic corps.

#### MISCELLANEA

*Meteors.*—On the 9th of June last, a meteor was observed at the same instant, at places wide apart, Toulouse, Angers, Bordeaux, and St. Rambert. Although observations of direction made on meteors which do not pass through the zenith, are difficult and deceitful, yet M. Petit, the chief of the observatory at Toulouse, was able to determine the size, velocity and distance of the body in question. He has carefully compared his own results with those obtained by observers at other places, and arrives at the conclusion that the observed meteor could not have been less than 67 English miles distant from the earth's surface.

*Thermometers.*—Some remarks made by M. Arago not long since in the Académie des Sciences, respecting the want of agreement in thermometers, gave rise to much discussion, and it was asked, whether isothermic lines and other deductions from observations of the thermometer, have no title to confidence? In consequence of this discussion, M. Arago produced the register of the thermometers in the Observatory for 1837, and that of M. Collardeau's thermometers; from the comparison of which it appears, that those instruments often differ from one another a degree or more, but in so irregular a manner as to show that their discrepancy cannot be ascribed to any fault in their construction. The fact thus proved was acknowledged to be of great importance. We venture to suggest, that the repulsion which the tube exercises on the mercurial column will vary in different specimens of glass, and in the same tube it will vary with every change of atmospheric electricity, so as to occasion the irregularities complained of. If this view of the matter be correct, it would perhaps be an improvement in thermometers to cover the under surface of the tube with a plate of tin foil,

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